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CANDIDATE SMITH'S INDISCRETION

WE HAVE read with great interest the announcement of former Councilman George A. Smith that he has decided to be a candidate for mayor on the Republican ticket. Mr. Smith assures the electorate that he is taking this step "absolutely on my own responsibility, relying entirely on my own acts as a citizen and business man during my forty years' residence in Los Angeles, and my public service as councilman from the Fifth ward." He adds that he always has been a Republican, but when in office believes in giving all parties a square deal—which latter is a good, mouthfilling phrase of Rooseveltian factory make.

We do not doubt that Mr. Smith is sincere in his belief that he will make a good mayor, if elected, and that his administration of the office would compare favorably with that of many of his predecessors is not unlikely. Unfortunately for his ambitions, however, Mr. Smith has committed one indiscretion which his Republican friends are not inclined to overlook, even at this early stage of his candidacy, and they seem indisposed to forgive him for its committal. Putting aside the question of his machine affiliations in the past, and accepting at its face value his assurance that he alone is responsible for his mayoralty announcement at this time, there remains one paramount objection to his becoming the standard bearer of his party in the coming municipal campaign.

We refer to his moral and financial support of the disgraced ex-Mayor Arthur C. Harper, whose election over the excellent Republican party nominee, Dr. Walter Lindley, three years ago, was the result of the defection of the "take-order" Republican vote at the instance of Walter F. Parker. For his part in this traitorous work we have reason to believe Mr. Parker is heartily ashamed, at least, we hope he is by this time, but we have heard no expression thus far, from Mr. Smith. Chagrined at his non-receipt of the nomination by the local party with which he is allied, he refused to support Dr. Lindley, the regular candidate, and not only worked for the suc-

cess of the Democratic nominee, but contributed liberally to that ill-starred mayor's campaign funds.

This is not idle rumor. To his close friends it was an open secret. The night of the election, Mr. Smith was heard rejoicing over Harper's victory, and he was so indiscreet as to mention to a number of his intimates the amount he subscribed to help defeat the Republican nominee. We were loth to believe this, but the evidence was so convincing, the proof so positive, that no alternative was presented. We will not discuss here Mr. Smith's fitness or unfitness for the position to which he aspires. We submit that his attitude in the 1906 election was that of a renegade to his party, which places him beyond the pale of consideration.

Regretfully, for the ex-councilman has many likeable traits, we must insist that he is not entitled to any favors at the hands of Republican voters, and in opposing his candidacy, we feel that we voice the sentiments of a majority of the voters of Los Angeles affiliated with the dominant party. Assuming that Mr. Smith has shied his castor into the municipal arena without consulting his friends, as stated, we can only add that he has committed still another faux pas, for an honest expression from them would have disclosed the folly and hopelessness of his contemplated course.

SAVORS OF SKULLDUGGERY

IT WOULD seem that Secretary Blanchard of the Good Roads Advisory Committee has a strong case against the dominant clique of the supervisory board of which Mr. Eldridge is the ruling spirit. Mr. Blanchard asserts with emphasis that instead of referring to the advisory board all prospective appointments to the highway commission, there is no intention of consulting the committee, and the pre-election pledges, made to reassure the people, are but empty promises. It will be remembered that advice was to be sought in all matters pertaining to the good roads enterprise, the supervisors binding themselves in an agreement of which the following is the specific text:

This board of supervisors pledges itself, and each and every member thereof pledges himself, to take no action in the matter of letting contracts for road improvement, in making appointments to positions connected with such road improvement, or in filling any vacancy that may occur upon the Los Angeles highway commission, unless the same shall be approved by the said advisory committee.

Mr. Blanchard insists that the supervisors have violated their pledges repeatedly. Certainly, in forcing the resignation of the capable Secretary Chesebro and installing an inefficient substitute, the highway commission is not strengthened, nor is this action calculated to inspire the people who voted the bonds with sublime confidence in the good faith of the supervisors. Mr. Blanchard further asserts that in Sacramento county work on the good roads is being done for less money, "far less," he declares, "for each mile of road completed than has been appropriated here." He points out that in the northern county the supervisors are acting in perfect harmony with their advisory committee and the work is progressing satisfactorily.

He is right, too, when he states that the people of Los Angeles county have confidence in the advisory board. They have. And it is altogether unlikely that the bonds would have been approved if the taxpayers had not been assured of an absence of all political skullduggery in connection with the good roads work. It is only too evident that the supervisory clique intends to ignore the advisory committee, so far as it dares, and will pursue its own bent with a high hand unless restrained. We would advise Mr. Blanchard and his associates to restrain their indignation, and, above all, not to recede one step from their

position. The people look to them to act as watchdogs in this projected public improvement, and they will stand by the committee to the end. Keep close tab on every detail of the work and report to the people any transaction that savors of chicanery, is our recommendation.

GOVERNOR GILLETT AND GOOD ROADS

IF GOVERNOR GILLETT really contemplates being a candidate for a second term, he would better hurry and announce his intentions or his fellow official, State Secretary C. F. Curry, may get so far in advance in his preliminary work that the executive may find his influential friends pledged to another. Personally, we think the governor has given the state an excellent administration, excepting in a few of his appointments. He disappointed many of us down here by naming a politician for a seat on the superior bench when the best men of the city and county had earnestly advised to the contrary, and it was clearly shown to him which was the better man of the two he was considering. For this act he is culpable and deserving of reproof, but perhaps not to the extent of instructing our delegates to the next state convention to use all honorable means to defeat him in case he comes up for renomination.

It must be said in his defense that strong political forces were behind the favored candidate for a judgeship, to whom he was under certain obligations; whether he had a right to pay these personal debts by lowering the status of the bench is a matter for his own conscience to decide. We have previously discussed this question of ethics in these columns and unhesitatingly pronounce the governor in the wrong. But we are not prepared to denounce him in toto for one lapse from grace or even for several. He is human, therefore, prone to error. In the main, we contend he has given the state a fair administration, a manly one, in fact, and we believe he is worthy of another trial, with a reminder, however, that a further recurrence of deviation from the path of strict rectitude of purpose will subject him to reprisals from the people that will forever blast any future political ambitions he may cherish.

It has been hinted that the governor's eighteen million dollar bill for good roads was for the purpose of macadamizing his path to re-election. Well, what of it? It is a good act and for a praiseworthy purpose. California might expend as much again in this direction and still not overdo it. In this beautiful, outdoor, scenic country the more money we put into good roads, the more ample will be our return in generous dividends flowing freely from the pockets of delighted visitors, whose stay here will be prolonged in proportion to the enjoyment they derive. Good roads in this age of automobilism are the first essential to a beatific state of mind. We are ready to affirm that Governor Gillett's insistent support of this good roads bill was one of the best evidences of his fitness to fill the executive office.

Nor do we agree with a local evening contemporary, that, because Los Angeles county has voted three and a half millions to improve her highways, we should be exempt from bearing our share of the burden of the state issue of bonds for a like purpose. To refuse to indorse the governor's plan to create a system of state highways, because of our local project, would be to pursue a picayunish policy that this liberal community cannot afford to indorse. The governor has stated that the intent of the bill provides for refunding to any county that builds up to standard that portion of the road within its boundaries which is included within the state system. The objection is made that the verbiage of the bill is not mandatory. We can afford to ignore that phase and take our chances. The legislature will see

that a county gets what is justly due it in this respect if the bond issue is approved and the moot question noted at a later date comes up for adjudication.

We agree with the San Francisco Call that Los Angeles can ill afford to foster any spirit that savors of sectional prejudice in matters that pertain to the welfare and uplift of the entire state. We rather suspect that our evening contemporary is opposing the passage of the proposed bond act on other than the grounds it alleges. It is generally believed that it has a candidate for governor in grooming, whose name does not spell Gillett, and in decrying the good roads act it is really placing an obstacle in the path of the governor's political progress. So far as we can learn, there is no concrete expression of opposition to the ratification of the bond issue in this country, outside the little coterie that sees no good in anything or anybody not wholly subservient to its own plans.

INSTRUCTION WHERE MOST NEEDED

AT FIRST thought—no, not thought, rather unthought—one might conclude that Mr. Edward Hyatt, state superintendent of public instruction, had stepped outside his province in devoting part of his biennial report to a lengthy article on the conservation of our national resources. But why not? Superintendent of public instruction is Mr. Hyatt, and if ever a people needed to be educated aright, in regard to the natural resources of their country, it is the heedless Americans. Mr. Hyatt confesses that the idea of the necessity of conserving these resources has so obsessed him that he conceives it to be his duty to urge the school people of the state to share in the responsibility of helping to educate the wasters, hence this direct appeal. He truly says: "In no other state or country is such variety and wealth of natural resources to be found as in California. Nowhere else is it being squandered with such careless hand, nor is there elsewhere such necessity for wise and thoughtful and far-seeing school people." With a praiseworthy view to this end, he has collated letters, interviews, newspaper editorials and magazine articles in what he modestly terms a little handbook of Conservatism. Of this data he remarks:

It is meant to be read. It is meant to give a notion of what people are thinking and saying about the subject. It is meant to attract the attention of the school people of California, to give them means for measuring the importance of the movement, materials for shaping the sentiments of themselves and their children. It is only a start. I hope it can be accepted as a start in the right direction, and that it may lead toward good citizenship and the general weal.

It is a capital idea and sets an example that cannot be too warmly commended, nor yet too zealously emulated. It is an appeal for the wise care and use of our forests, our mines, our water, our soil—the fundamental sources of wealth that are the gift of nature. So bountifully has the country been provided in this respect that the inheritors of these vast natural resources have wasted them with lavish hands, squandered them, in fact, with a criminal carelessness amazing in its crass stupidity. That necessity has arrived for an about-face policy to interpose has been patent to a few wise heads for a long time; Mr. Hyatt and others like him are striving that such awakened knowledge shall be in the possession of the many, instead of the minority, and he has taken an excellent way to disseminate the gospel of light.

He traces the beginning of the movement from its first tangible appearance in a conference of governors of states and territories at the White House in Washington, presided over by President Roosevelt. Many wise and able men attended—statesmen, philosophers and captains of industry. The conference was followed in June by the formation of the National Conservation Commission of forty-eight members, appointed by the President, which commission is now at work. The results of its labors and its recommendations are to be reported to the state legislatures, and to congress, and made the basis for a wide and harmonious system of laws governing our natural resources. But, as Mr. Hyatt pertinently observes, this wise and patriotic plan will amount to nothing "unless it can be backed

up, supported, urged on by a strong, stern, un-sleeping Public Opinion." Believing with Aristotle that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth, the public instructor intends to begin his work in a fallow field, for which sane decision he is to be heartily commended.

It is proposed by Mr. Hyatt to have the teachers in our public schools quote what the great thinkers of the country are saying in regard to the preservation of the soil, the forests, the minerals, birdlife and the fisheries, and to this end he has gathered a number of expressions of individual opinion, which form a good basis for debates, essays, morning exercises and similar school activities. In addition to the pithy sentences of noted men on the subject are special papers by Messrs. Gifford Pinchot, Arthur W. Page, Arthur Ruhl, Emerson Hough, George P. Marsh, A. B. Benton, Treadwell Cleveland Jr., Stewart Edward White, Rudolf Cronau, H. von Schon, and others. It is an admirable collection and cannot fail to arouse the adult as well as educate the youth to a sense of our shortcomings in dealing with the country's natural capital. We felicitate Superintendent Hyatt on his acumen in presenting so valuable a handbook on so vital a subject, and urge that it be read carefully and quoted from assiduously in the educational work pursued in our public schools.

EN GAPE FOLLOWS EN FETE

MONDAY morning of this week all of Los Angeles seen in the down town district seemed actuated by a common purpose—the desire to gape. Men stood around listlessly hauling down faded purple and white bunting, purple feathers, gilt plaster clocks, with the hands indicating eleven o'clock, and other impedimenta of Elkdorn, that, last week, formed part of the brave decorations of the city and now are merely material for the junk pile. Pedestrians gazed and gaped as they moved soberly along to business, the merchants yawned inside their stores, the workmen themselves were half asleep at their tasks, and even the stray dogs in the streets partook of the general state of somnolency that prevailed. It was like the Morning After! For an entire week the city had been en fete, with the indefatigable fair hostess bound to see that nothing should be left undone to give her guests a good time, even if she killed herself in the effort. Los Angeles was determined to maintain her reputation as a royal entertainer, and slept with one eye open and ears alert, in case of a cry of distress in the night. As a consequence, this week sees her paying penalty for her assiduous attentions. She has not yet caught up on sleep; she is gaping continuously behind a polite hand.

GRAPHITES

That was no slight accomplishment of Edward Payson Weston in walking from New York to San Francisco in one hundred and five days. His best record in a single day's journey en route was seventy-six miles; his average distance covered in a day thirty-nine miles. This was good traveling, especially when one considers that Weston was not in the best of health and was long past the age limit of accomplishment ascribed by Professor Osier. We Americans are not a nation of walkers, in the sense that our British cousins are, hence the example set by Weston in the thirty-odd years he has been before the public as a pedestrian, has been one well worth emulating, and that he inspired many youngsters with good resolves in the way of outdoor exercise is distinctly to his credit. It is said that Weston was disappointed in failing to complete his journey within one hundred days, but the public will not mourn with him; he has done well enough.

When the volcanic eruption of 1906 was in progress at Vesuvius, the civilized world held its breath at receipt of news that Dr. Vittorio Raffaele Matteucci, director of the Royal Observatory on Mount Vesuvius, never left his post, but remained throughout the disturbance to watch the progress of the eruption, sending frequent bulletins to the anxious multitude in Naples of the damage wrought by the lava streams that flowed everywhere around the observatory, except through its precincts. It was largely due to his supreme nerve and that of his equally courageous assistant, Dr. Frank Alvord Perret of Brooklyn, that the panic of the ignorant peas-

ants was measurably abated. The knowledge that the professor was always watching on the volcano's peak and would warn them in case of danger, served to give them courage to support the strain of waiting for the ash-laden atmosphere to clear. Dr. Matteucci was not injured in this eruption, although hot ashes falling from the nearby crater wrecked the building of the observatory. But now, three years afterward, the cable brings news of the death of this heroic scientist at the age of forty-nine, passing away as he had lived, on the summit of Vesuvius. As a result of his years of fearless study, he was perhaps better acquainted with the phenomena attending volcanic disturbances than any other man living.

In acquitting William C. Mitchell of the deliberate murder of Cecil Thayer, a messenger boy, whose criminal associations with his sister he resented by killing the alleged betrayer, a Los Angeles jury has reverted to the "unwritten" law theory about which so much hysterical nonsense has been written and spoken. Truth is, the girl, as the testimony revealed, was a willing victim, with more than one admiring swain dallying after her. The killing was not the result of a paroxysm of anger, aroused by sudden discoveries, but was the result of deliberate intent, after many months of disapproval of the girl's actions. We do not go so far as a morning contemporary, which is found urging Thayer's surviving relatives to strike back with impunity, since the law holds no terrors, apparently, for the wrongdoer, but that is the logical deduction to be drawn from the jury's verdict.

Again, one is forced to ask the question, Is Francis J. Heney on trial for anything? that the pro-Calhoun organs of publicity are found vehemently denouncing the resolute assistant public prosecutor of San Francisco for having received certain sums of money from the federal government for which he is alleged to have performed no service. Truth is, the service for which he was paid was rendered in connection with the land fraud prosecutions in Oregon and elsewhere, prior to his handling the San Francisco graft cases. The payments due from the government were deferred, that is all, but a subsidized press would have it appear that Heney, as well as the interior department, has been defrauding the people. This effort to defame Heney, who may be a candidate for district attorney, and, if elected, a continued thorn in the Calhoun flesh, bears an unpleasant odor.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

PERHAPS it was a natural sequence of choice that unconsciously directed my browsings in the Old Book Shop this week to that extraordinary Oriental romance, by William Beckford, of "Vathek." Even as "Lalla Rookh" was the first of Oriental poems written by a Frank, so the history of the Caliph Vathek, also by a Frank, is the finest of Oriental romances. I doubt, however, if Beckford's tour de force is familiar to many moderns. It was originally published in French in 1786, although the author was an Englishman. He is said to have written this splendid Arabian narrative at one sitting, extending over three days and two nights, but at the cost of a severe illness. At that time the brilliant author was barely twenty, yet for splendor of description, exquisite humor and supernatural interest and grandeur the story of Vathek stands without a rival in romance. * * *

"Vathek," the superb "Vathek" it was called by Lord Byron, who greatly admired the production and frequently complimented its author on his work. When in Portugal, where William Beckford built a magnificent retreat, Byron penned the well-known lines at Cintra, beginning: There thou, too, Vathek, England's wealthiest son, Once formed thy paradise; as not aware Where wanton wealth her mightiest deeds hath done, Meek peace, voluptuous lures, was even wont to shun.

This reference to "England's wealthiest son" was no idle vagary of the poet. Young Beckford's great-great grandfather was lieutenant-governor and commander of the British forces in Jamaica; his grandfather was president of the council on the same island. His father was a large landed proprietor, both in England and the West Indies, was lord mayor of London and died in 1770, when his son William was ten years old, leaving the lad the wealthiest commoner in the kingdom. No pains were spared on the education of the young Croesus, notes William North, the

author of a brief memoir of Vathek's creator. Besides Latin and Greek, he spoke five modern languages and wrote three with facility and elegance. Lord Chatham was personally interested in the lad's studies. He read Persian and Arabic, designed with great skill and studied music under the great Mozart. He traveled extensively, and when only eighteen, in Paris, was introduced to Voltaire, of whom he wrote: "On taking leave of me he placed his hand on my head, saying, 'There, young Englishman, I give you the blessing of a very old man!' Voltaire was a mere skeleton—a bony anatomy. His countenance I shall never forget."

* * *

"Vathek" is hardly more than a novelette, but so unique, so brilliant is the story that seldom as it is read these days, it has attained a permanent place in literature. Curiously enough, its early publication in English was the result of a notable act of literary treachery and theft. The author was living in France at the time, and his manuscript was in French, a language he wrote and spoke as perfectly as he did his native tongue. In this form he sent it to a friend, Robert Henley, in London, who made a hasty and slipshod translation and published it as a tale translated by himself from a genuine Arabic original. Naturally, this violation of good faith aroused the wrath of the real author, who, in self-defense, brought out the romance in France, publishing two versions with interesting differences, one at Lausanne and the other at Paris. The former edition is held to be preferable.

* * *

One commentator has said of "Vathek" that it is a "French combination of Cervantes and Dante, in an Oriental and bizarre narrative." It is, however, distinctly Oriental, not always delicate, but never vulgar; replete with sprightly humor, and a succession of surprises and fascinations. Nothing more fantastic in literature can I recall than the chase of Vathek's court after the Giaour, who rolls himself up in a ball and in this form bounds ahead of the courtiers, who, like the children that followed the pied piper of Hamelin, were impelled to join in the chase, willy nilly. Where the story is not grotesque, as in the pursuit by Carathis, Vathek's mother, on her great camel, Alboufaki, it becomes terrific, evidenced in the approach to the vast ruins of Ishtar, beneath which dwelt the fire genii, whose talismanic treasures Vathek and Nouronihar eagerly craved. In this underground hall of Eblis, in a tremendous tableau, the romance comes to an end with the Caliph Vathek doomed to everlasting perdition in punishment for his unrestrained passions and atrocious actions, the love he held for his favorite concubine, Nouronihar, turned to eternal hatred, her affection for him similarly changed to bitter aversion.

* * *

Like Tono Bungay, who, H. G. Wells tells us in his admirable story of that name, read "Vathek" along with "Plutarch's Lives" and kindred classics at an early age, I, too, had devoured this choice morsel before I was sixteen, having chanced upon a curious old edition of the story in the library of a relative whose house I haunted because of the literary treasures it harbored. I shall not attempt to rehearse the story here, except that Vathek was the grandson of Haroun Al Raschid, and the ninth Caliph of the race of the Abbassides. His passion for forbidden knowledge, his fondness for the fair sex and for the pleasures of the table, were what brought him to grief. What a wild recital it is! How unfettered the imagination of its accomplished author, how vivid the characters, how startling the descriptions, how brilliant the literary style!

* * *

One of the features of Vathek's court was the wonderful tower he built with the aid of the genii, having eleven thousand stairs. At its apex Vathek built an observation room whence to penetrate the secrets of heaven. From that height he cast his eyes below and "beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than beehives."

The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him. He was almost ready to adore himself; till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this transient perception of his littleness with the thought of being great in the eyes of the others, and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and transfer to the stars the decrees of his destiny.

So obsessed was Beckford by this tower that he built in imagination for the Caliph that he decided to reproduce a lofty pinnacle on his own estate of Fonthill Abbey. It rose to three hun-

dred feet, but a radical fault in laying the foundation caused the tower to tumble and in its descent the entire building was carried to ruin. Upward of two millions of dollars were dropped in this brickfall. Beckford was in person scarcely above the middle height, slender and well formed, with features indicating great intellectual power. He was a man of most extensive reading and cultivated taste. About two years before his death, which occurred at Bath in 1844, he amused himself by erecting a second tower, only half as high as the Fonthill folly, in the apartments of which he placed many of his choicest paintings and articles of vertu. Asiatic in its style, with gilded lattices and blinds, or curtains, of crimson cloth, its striped ceilings, its minaret, and other accessories conveyed the idea of the east. The building was surrounded by a high wall, and entrance was afforded to the garden by a door of small dimensions. The garden itself was eastern in its character. Though comparatively small, it contained many solitary walks and deep retiring shades, such as Vathek himself might have loved, and from the bowers of which sounds of the cymbal and the dulcimer might naturally be expected.

* * *

It is said that from the summit of his tower at Bath, Beckford could look across to his ruins at Fonthill, miles distant. His eyesight was wonderful; he could gaze upon the sun like an eagle. Truly he was an odd genius. An egotist, no doubt, but an agreeable and generous man, nevertheless. If anyone is inclined to scoff at such a statement, let him procure a copy of "Vathek," if possible, and enjoy to the full this wonderful production. It is as vital today as it was a hundred years ago.

S. T. C.

LOS ANGELES, AFTER TWO YEARS

"OPEN CONFESSION is good for the soul." I have an apology to make—certainly not for Los Angeles, but for myself. For two years I have been defending the City of Angels from the sneers and jeers leveled at her fairness and prosperity by fire-eating San Franciscans. Your critic of the northern port is sure that Los Angeles is only a geographical accident in California, that it is a community eminently self-satisfied and self-advertising, controlled by middle west Methodists and baldheaded Baptists; that the spirit of the padres and the pioneers, which made California, is effete down here; that Los Angeles is surrounded by Long Beach and the desert, and that the latter is to be preferred by any man who values individual liberty—even at the cost of his soul—and who recognizes that the faith of his fathers, for which they bled and toiled, cannot be violated by the presumptuous interference of Holier-than-Thous, or that his personal convenience shall not be sacrificed to make a holiday for the impertinences of reformed performers.

* * *

That is San Francisco's indictment of Los Angeles. Incidentally, San Francisco herself for two years has been indictment mad. You must judge if there be a heaven of truth in San Francisco's "caustic verbiage" (for which phrase I am still indebted to ex-Governor Gage). Personally, I answer the charge in some such words as these: "Look here, old chap, isn't it a case of sour grapes? The climate of San Francisco may suit me better because I like the vigor-gift of the breeze from the Golden Gate. Nor am I scared to live on the roof of a volcano—social and industrial as well as geological. But at the same time I owe Los Angeles much. Twelve years' experience there—though I sat on a pot of thorns trying to edit a newspaper and at the same time experiencing enervation instead of stimulation—gave me a certain power of repose—what the English call 'slackness'—which makes it possible for me to rush through a torrent of work every twenty-four hours in your incomparable vortex."

"Oh, come off, you preacher! You'd rather live a minute in San Francisco than a month in Los Angeles."

"Um! I used to think so as long as I lived in Los Angeles. But I have my doubts. For instance, you imagine you are the freest people on God's footstool. As a matter of fact, you are all slaves, because you have confounded liberty with license. Where, tell me, where is personal liberty and industrial freedom in San Francisco today?"

"Well, Calhoun has fixed the unions here for a while, and the Pharisees who 'have the works' just now won't last much longer. We are only in a transition period and had somewhat of an upset in April, 1906."

"Granted. But where is your 'get together'

spirit which has made Los Angeles what it is? It is true that some of you fellows are trying to forget old wounds and to abandon fearful feuds. But, should I differ from you, on the affair of the hour, which has consumed your city with more fearful flames than the holocaust of three years ago, you will tell me I am 'a crazy loon,' or if you are less polite and use the vernacular even of this club room and certainly of the street, you will refer to my sacred and maternal ancestor in such terms that unless you smile I must knock you down or perforate your diaphragm."

"No, you don't fight in Los Angeles. You are too busy picking each other's pockets, living on suckers, and 'one-lungers,' and correcting each other's habits."

"My poor, deluded friend; how long is it since you have been in Los Angeles?"

And the argument ends with the friendly cup, for nothing but a personal visit can convince the incredulous.

* * *

And if I myself began to think that life was more worth while in San Francisco than in Los Angeles, it was time for me to see more than I could "between trains" of this phenomenal city of growth and grace. It was fairyland, indeed, when I took a rather weary and perspiring self off a "local" train crowded with good Elks and a brass band. The latter was led by a comely youth with loose, long locks and far more appreciation of fancy letters from foolish girls than of the art of music. Even in Santa Barbara I had watched him frantically beating time half a bar ahead of his musicians. Hence, it was a great treat to find at that hour on that evening, at least, everyone playing the game of life in time and harmony. The latter, you know, is the first law of heaven, and hence peculiarly apt in the City of the Angels. The crowds were peaceful and patient; the individuals no longer slaves at Mammon's shrine, but spending money lavishly to give the B. P. O. E. a genuinely "good time." Far be it from me to compete with the superlative young women and sprightly journalists who flooded the columns of the daily press with epithet and phrase, depicting the delights of the illumination and the glory of the parades. The former were the prettiest I ever saw, and I noticed an infinitely improved taste in the decoration. If there was a distasteful note of self-advertisement and mutual adulation, who will complain? For if we will not toot our own horn, we must pay the price of a trumpeter or sell only a small margin of our home products.

* * *

What impressed me most deeply was the discovery that Los Angeles had grown, not only like the proverbial pumpkin, but that in two years boys were handsome men and schoolgirls charming brides, and that the community had graduated in grace. I confess that I am a Simple Septimus in a crowd. My toes are sensitive from occasional corns, and I have sufficient sense of music to loathe noise. Nevertheless, I slept as peacefully, even at the noisiest corner in the town, as upon my own porch, between the mission and sea. For I had found kindness instead of kicks on every side. Well, I mused, I used to think nine-tenths of this community were money mad, the men to make it and the women to spend it, but once more, Allah be praised, I find myself wrong and am not ashamed to 'fess up.

* * *

Seeing Los Angeles in a big red buzz-wagon with a gracious companion was my church Sunday morning, and proved almost as inspiring as dawn on the summit of Santa Inez. Why?

"Look at that truly beautiful building and its classic outlines—new since our time."

Reference was had to the home of an insurance company almost within the shade of Central Park. "And look at Mrs. Z." She had just passed by, driving her own machine.

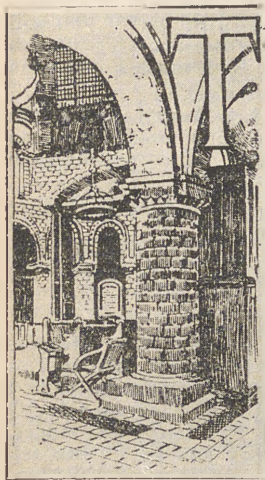
"Good Lord" (and my fellow-observer meant it). I remember her when she was the most vulgarly dressed woman in town. But see, her husband has sold enough real estate to send her abroad, where, perhaps, she has learned that a woman does not dress up—at least in the morning—like the Queen of Sheba, ready for Solomon's mission, but rather in quiet, simple, sweet frock of black or white."

And this acute bit of femininity by my side, of course, and as usual, had struck the true chord. There is a new and better Los Angeles every morning, the fruit of the faithful men and women who did an honest day's work and study yesterday, who found strength and inspiration in the eyes of little children, and who remained true to their ideals, whatever they may be.

R. H. C.
Los Angeles, July 21.



Old Churches of London



THE CITY of London, which three or four centuries ago had a hundred churches in its one square mile, might fairly claim to have been the home of a devout and religious people. These churches, built often by private benevolence, but more often by grants from the state, were evidence that both the government and people recognized the obligation of providing temples for the worship of God. After the reformation had become thoroughly established in England, and until the Act of Uniformity and other expressive edicts had driven many of her best sons from the church, the churches of the city were happily the homes of a uniform evangelical Protestant worship. All citizens of repute attended their parish church. Those who adhered to the Roman Catholic faith might here and there have their places of worship, but so far as the Church of the reformation was concerned, it was really undivided and national. The large number of churches in the city, and their close proximity to one another, one, two and even three being found (as in the present day in Lombard street and Cornhill) in a single street often has been a puzzle to those who look at the congregations of one or two thousand worshippers which are common in one day. Even where all the houses of business were fully occupied as residences there would not seem to have been the necessity for this plethora of churches; and yet, the number was diminished rather than increased when, in Queen Anne's reign parliament voted a million pounds for rebuilding the churches destroyed in the Great Fire. In addition to the fact that smaller congregations were customary then than now, there were circumstances in regard to parishes which rendered their small area (often only two, three and four acres containing, sixty, eighty or a hundred houses) desirable; but under the condition of life which then existed in the city, sixty houses could send a fair congregation to the parish church. There would be in each household the worthy citizen and the dame, his wife, their sons and daughters were no small item in those days. Malthusian doctrines did not prevail, and if we may judge by the graduated effigies of ten or twelve kneeling cherubs on the monuments, they were thought as worthy a memorial of the good citizen (and the dame, his wife) as the inscribed virtues of the epitaph.

We may look with something like contempt upon the worship of the churches at that time which seemed simple and monotonous, the three-decker pulpit, the unmusical service with Tate and Brady's psalms, the prayers and lessons, and the simple sermon, yet they may have inspired a devotion of heart and life (in those who were engaged in them) as deep as the ornate and elaborate services which now obtain. Although formalism and dullness might sometimes reign, there were also times when earnestness and fervor were excited, and when Jeremy Taylor, and Hooker, and Tillotson, and Pearson, and South, gave eloquent discourses from her pulpits. The city parishes in earlier times, as well as serving to control the services of the church, were really small, self-governed communities, looking after the wants of the poor and needy, the education of the young, and many matters which now are administered by public boards and other bodies. The pious founder left his benefactions under the control of the rector and church wardens of his parish, excepting in large and more important trusts, which often were vested in the livery guilds of the City of London. The parish officers at one period were compelled to furnish two or three men to serve in the militia, or to pay a penalty in default. In the articles of visitation addressed to my parish in 1778, it is inquired whether the church wardens know of any common drunkards, swearers, or blasphemers in the parish, or sowers of discord and sedition, whether any innkeepers or sellers of beer or ale suffer any

persons to waste their time or tittle in their houses, whether any are irreverent at church, whether there are any wills of persons dead in your parish not yet proved, or any goods administered without authority from the Ordinary. Have any gifts or legacies been left to your parish for pious uses? Have any been misemployed or embezzled?

* * *

Many of the churches built by Wren and enriched with the carving of Grinley Gibbons are still with us. The majority were built upon the old sites; these are distinguished by the black steeples; those in which the sites were varied have ordinary spires or steeples. In St. Peter's, Cornhill, a large key surmounts the vane; in St. Lawrence Jewry a gridiron, indicating the mode of the saint's death. Thirteen churches escaped the Fire, and several of these, of high antiquity, exist in the neighborhood of the Tower. Holy Trinity, Minories, in the Liberty of the Tower, where is preserved, in a box of sawdust, the head of the Duke of Suffolk, executed on Tower Hill; All-hallows, Barking, where, under the high altar, lies crumbling in dust the heart of Richard Coeur de Lion, while Surrey, the poet, and Laud and Fisher, beheaded on Tower Hill, here were also laid to rest; St. Olave, Crutched-friars, where Pepys is buried; St. Katherine Cree and St. Helen's, Bishopgate street, in these churches, when the Tower was a Royal residence, nobles and princes worshiped, at their fountains their children were baptized, and at their altars their daughters were married. Collegiate Church of St. Katharine, Tower Hill, removed in the early part of the last century for the construction of that notable municipal undertaking, St. Katharine's Docks, was an ancient Norman church, of which there is an engraving and description in Malcolm's "London." It was founded by Matilda, wife of King Stephen, in 1148, in order that masses might be said "to secure the repose of the souls" of her two children, Baldwin and Matilda, who died young and were buried within its walls. The queen purchased the site with a mill from the Priory of Holy Trinity, Minories, for six pounds per annum. It is now represented by a church master's house and almshouses near Regent's Park.

* * *

The old churches of Southwark might fairly be included in our review of the religious life of the City, for Southwark always has been reckoned a part of the City, and is so at the present time under the name of Bridge Ward Without, which still has an honorary alderman, who sits among the city fathers at Guild Hall. At the time when a chapel and houses existed on the bridge, a portion was in several city parishes, and at the present time many acres of the waterway of the Thames are within their boundaries, but we can only refer to the one church of St. Mary Overie, which, before the Conquest, was founded by a House of Sisters, which managed the ferry over the river, and which later, under a college of priests, built out of the profits the first wooden bridge over the river Thames. This historic fane, now known as St. Saviour's church, where John Gower lies buried, is conscientiously restored, and is the cathedral for South London.

By the Act of Uniformity, 1662, the parliament of England cast out the best and most notable ministers from the Church of England, laid broad and deep the foundations of nonconformity, and caused the erection of a chapel or meeting house in nearly every street of the old city. These were almost exclusively occupied by seceders from the church and the pulpit by the clergy, who thus sought the liberty of conscience and freedom of worship, no longer to be found within its pale. It is evident that at first neither the ministers nor congregations expected or wished to be permanently separated from the church. The meeting houses were plain buildings, erected in obscure situations so as to be less remarked by those who still exercised the powers of persecution, but they were also built in such form as to be easily converted into dwelling houses, should reunion with the church be subsequently possible.

* * *

Until early in the last century we find chapels in Old Jewry, Miles' lane, Gracechurch street, Mark lane, Philpot lane, Crosby square, in fact, in nearly every prominent thoroughfare. At a chapel in Great St. Helen's Hansard Knollys preached to a congregation of more than a thou-

sand hearers. The sympathy of the citizens with the free churches was shown by the fact that many of the livery halls were placed at their disposal for the purposes of public worship—Turner's Hall, then in Philpot lane; Pinner's Hall, Old Broad street; Founders' Hall, Lothbury; Tallow Chandlers' Hall, Dowgate Hill; Brewer's Hall, Addle street; Girders' Hall, Basinghall street; Curriers' Hall, London Wall; Armourers' Hall, Coleman street.

* * *

The congregation at Founders' Hall was continued till 1764, when Albion chapel, at the corner of London Wall, was built for its use. Curriers' Hall for a century was used for nonconformist worship, one of its ministers being the celebrated Edmund Calamy. Our great hymn writer, Dr. Isaac Watts, preached for a time at Pinner's Hall, until a chapel was built for him at Bury street, St. Mary Axe. This chapel was a large, oblong building, with galleries on three sides, and behind the pulpit was a handsome marble memorial to the memory of the sweet singer of the Christian church. The services at the City Hall are things of the past, but a wanderer up Staining lane may still find, any Sunday, the smallest chapel and the smallest congregation in the city at Haberdashers' Hall. The worship of these churches appears from the first to have been of a simple character. The prayer book was discarded, and reading the Scripture, prayer and preaching constituted the service. Even singing was not generally adopted; a difference of opinion as to its desirability largely prevailed. In 1708 six lectures were delivered in a chapel in Eastcheap by leading nonconformist ministers in favor of singing in public worship. Dr. Watts' hymns, written partly about this time, largely stimulated the adoption of psalmody.

* * *

The Church of England in the course of time recovered somewhat from the calamity which deprived her of many of her best and devoted sons, and with its old traditions, its glorious ecclesiastical edifices, its commanding position, it has held a worthy place in the religious life of England, while men like Butler and Warburton, Blair and Paley, Wesley and Whitfield, Toplady and Romane, have added luster to her name; but with two of these names is associated another secession from the church, not this time through the persecuting hand of either civil or ecclesiastical power, but from a zeal which found itself fettered by the complex form of government and ritual of the established church, and by an objection to the unequal distribution of its revenues, which fostered a worldly spirit to the injury of spiritual religion. It is evident that this secession was not on account of doctrinal differences, for Wesley always considered himself a Churchman, and in the earlier stages of Methodism, while the members of the body attended service in their own chapels, many were accustomed to attend communion at the parish church. An entry in the parish books of Allhallows, Lombard street, shows that long after Wesley had founded the Methodist church, he preached in the pulpits of the Establishment. The incident is worth recording. After preaching in the church, December 28, 1788, when in his eighty-sixth year, he said:

"I remember preaching in this church about fifty years ago from this circumstance. On leaving the vestry to go into the pulpit, I turned back in some confusion. The attendant said to me, 'What is the matter, sir; are you ill?' 'No,' I said, 'but I have forgotten to bring my sermon.' She replied, 'What, cannot you trust God for a sermon?' Upon this rebuke I went into the pulpit, and preached with much freedom and acceptance, and from that time I have never taken a manuscript into the pulpit." There is no doubt that Wesley and Whitfield, outside the church produced a wonderful revival of spiritual religion. The Methodist body has not been largely represented in the city by places of religious worship, but the City Road chapel, the Wesleyan cathedral where Wesley preached, and in which memorials of Wesley and Bunting and Waddy, Beaumont, Newton, Punshon and other celebrities are preserved, has long been a center of religious life and influence, while the Centenary Hall in Bishopgate has been the home of all the varied agencies of this vast religious organization.

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Since the Reformation the Roman Catholic Church has not been largely represented in the

and Its Religious Life



city proper, the handsome chapel at Moorfields being the center of her influence, and almost the only place in which her worship is celebrated. The Jews are largely represented; in addition to the great synagogue in Gt. St. Helen's, there are several about Aldgate and Bevis Marks for the different nationalities represented by the Jewish community in London, but, like other religious bodies, they appear to have recognized the altered condition of things in the city and have erected ten or twelve synagogues in the residential parts of London.

* * *

The Society of Friends has always been largely associated with the City and city life. Who cannot call to mind men of high repute in all branches of commerce and philanthropy who are, or have been, connected by birth with the Society of Friends? With no ecclesiastical buildings, with no formulated creed, with no ordained priests, with no ritual or sacraments, they have by simple meetings for the study of Scripture, exhortation and prayer, evolved men of pure, noble and blameless life, and leavened society with goodness, virtue and religion. The Friends, too, have not only helped largely with philanthropic efforts, but have been earnest advocates of civil and religious liberty. Opposite an old-fashioned, quaintly-carved gate, the entrance to Allhallows church, Lombard street (and which is still preserved in the porch of the church), a narrow passage led to White Hart court, where, until some fifty years ago, was an old-fashioned Quaker meeting house, which, like other places of worship, was frequently visited and the services interrupted by the constabulary in the days of persecution.

In a MS. of George Fox, in the Harleian Library, he says: "It was upon me to go to Barkin meeting; but hearing yt there would be a busell against our metings on ye first day; and feeling a great disquietness in peoples' spirits in the City chusing of the sheriffs; it was upon me to stay in the City, and go to Grains street upon the first day, to the meeting there, and William Pen said he would go along with me, and while William Pen was delivering ye truth to ye people ye constable came in with his great staff, and bid him give over and come down." And then there is a long account of the parley with the constables and soldiers, and how Pen finished his discourse. The headquarters of the Society of Friends has long been in Bishopsgate, now Devonshire House, where the meetings of its varied institutions are held, and where in several halls accommodation is provided for about three thousand persons.

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Many now living can call up pleasant memories of religious life in the City of the past sixty years; of Henry Melville, the Chrysostom of the English church, golden lecturer at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, and chaplain of the Tower, of Thomas Binney, of the Weigh House, one of the most original thinkers of the day, and at one time the most popular preacher in London; of John Howard Hinton, of Devonshire square, an intellectual giant, whose chapel adjoined the clothes market off Houndsditch, and whose argumentative discourses Sunday mornings were listened to amid the distant mutterings of bargaining Jews; of George Croly, of St. Stephen, Walbrook, whose brilliant discourses were the admiration of citizens, and whose powerful writing on topics of the day influenced largely public opinion; and, later on, Edwin Paxton Hood, the poet preacher, who for a few years delighted the young men of the city by his discourses at Falcon square; and last, the greatest preacher, except Magee, of the Church of England of later days, to hear whose discourses cultured men of all denominations crowded our metropolitan cathedral — Henry Parry Liddon.

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Look up Grocers' Hall court, in the Poultry, and you can still see the windows of the Poultry chapel, now the annex of a bank, but once a center of religious influence, and in whose pulpit nearly all the notable men of the free churches have preached, and where, in the days of long sermons, a distinguished divine, after carefully adjusting his spectacles, would deliberately say, "seventeenthly." The Poultry chapel is now represented by the City Temple, on Holborn viaduct, built on land taken of the Corporation of London, who gave as a memento the magnificent pulpit of colored marble. The strong personality of Dr. Parker, and his vigorous and original handling

of the topics of the day, made him a great power in the religious life of the City, and gathered the largest congregation, except that of St. Paul's, within the City boundaries.

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The future religion in the city will rest largely with the Church of England and with those semi-religious social movements which are now the order of the day. The retention or removal of many of the City churches is a matter which will have to be dealt with, either sympathetically by the church itself, or adversely by those who look upon its buildings and property as available for general public uses. A fatal precedent was created in this direction by the Parochial Charities Act, by the action of which the distinction between charitable bequests for education and the poor and those for religious purposes has been ignored; in some cases even bequests, specially left for maintaining the fabric and services of the church, have been merged in a common fund, and appropriated to the foundation of polytechnics and the purchase of open spaces. The Bishop of London's Act, although it recognized the necessity for reducing the number of City churches, has accomplished little or nothing. The nonconformist congregations, having greater freedom of action, and, of course, having less important ecclesiastical edifices to deal with, have moved more with the times, and chapels, like Harecourt, Devonshire square, Salter's Hall, the Poultry, and others, are represented by flourishing churches in the suburbs, with congregations of often a thousand worshippers.

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Many prominent churchmen are in favor of largely reducing the number of the city churches, while certain of the public bodies consider that the large amount expended upon some of them to comparatively little purpose would be better applied to other uses. Being a national church, and every individual in the community, in a certain sense, being a member, gives an extended right of criticism and action, which is not desirable in a spiritual and religious organization. The unequal distribution of the revenues of the church, which is especially apparent in the city, has also given ground for adverse criticism. It is more than a century since the death of Wesley, who gave to the world a system of ecclesiastical socialism, by which all ministers of the Methodist Church received an equalized income, which raised them above all care in worldly matters, and allowed exclusive devotion to their spiritual duties. And while all would not be prepared to accept such an arrangement, and while we can look with pleasure upon instances in which the devoted work of a life is occasionally rewarded by the restful ease and good income of a city living, it is matter of regret that the example of a church reformer, for more than a hundred years, has had so little effect in correcting existing inequalities, and mitigating the poverty from which so many of the clergy still suffer.

* * *

Another difficulty in dealing with the city churches is the growth in recent years of sacerdotalism and ritualism. All must desire the utmost freedom for those who find in these observances spiritual profit, or who consider the practices of the mediaeval church or the decrees of councils more binding than simple Scripture teaching. But whatever ancestry the church may claim as a spiritual institution, it cannot be denied that its legal settlement is that of the Protestant Church of the Reformation. The exclusive pretensions of the sacerdotal party are in direct conflict with the growing liberality of religious sentiment, and preclude the realization of the dream of the late Mr. Haweis and the Broad Church, who would make it truly the Church of England by broadening its basis and breaking down barriers, so that its pulpits might be occupied by the devout and distinguished ministers of many religious denominations.

* * *

How many churches shall the city retain of those remaining out of the hundred she had in the olden time? What is the best course to adopt so that a just and equitable decision may be reached? The Bishop of London's Act is the only scheme under which action can be taken. Under this measure, if a removal is contemplated, a small commission is appointed to report on the matter, but, however desirable it may be considered, the veto of the vestries may defeat the arrangement. Again, the Act requires that a new

church should be erected in the suburbs in place of the one removed. It seems doubtful if new churches are required, several erected under this scheme being poorly attended. Again, the voidance by death of an aged incumbent of a church which could be dispensed with does not give ground for action, for it the patron of the living, who may be the Lord Chancellor, or one having little knowledge of the case, should present another to the living, the past condition of things would be perpetuated. The late Sir Henry Peek considered that, excepting several notable churches, ten others would suffice for the wants of the city for now and all future time; others who view with reverence all these sacred edifices would have all retained.

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If we destroy, it is certain we cannot reproduce Wren's churches. We cannot again have the touch of Grinley Gibbons' hand for the glorious oak carvings; we should not now build the huge sounding boards over the quaint old pulpits; we cannot reproduce the curious monuments, with kneeling effigies of ancient worthies; we cannot in a new building conjure up the memories which cling around these ancient shrines. London, with its enormous wealth, is rich enough to retain anything worth preserving. Let veneration and utility and wise discretion guide those who deal with our old churches, so that while the useless may be turned to useful account, commerce shall not entirely supplant religion in the old city.

London, July 12. EDWIN A. COOKE.

EAST SIDE STAGE AND ITS PLAYERS

AN ACTOR, in the throes of success-making, recently said in rueful tones: "If you want to make a success, begin on the east side and get discovered." Taken as a prescription, this may work or it may not. To make a success from the East Side there must be something of the make-up of the Eastsider in the personality of the individual who attempts it. A slight accent and the charm of personality that belong with the temperament of these people go a long way with American audiences. Four years ago a company of Russian players opened a theater in a tiny hall fronting on Third street, just off Second avenue. They were artists and they presented the best plays that Russia provided. But unfamiliarity with American business methods, coupled with the exorbitant rental of the hall, brought hard times upon them. They found it almost impossible to make both ends meet, and, finally, the little company returned to Russia. But not until Madame Nazimova had been discovered. Out of what must have seemed dismal failure to her associates in the venture came a marked gain to the American stage. Yet those who did not see the great actress in the little Third avenue hall have something to regret, for she has never surpassed even before the crowded houses on Broadway some of the effects she gave in that tiny place, and they were all the more powerful because seen at close range.

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In a small place an actor often has an opportunity to strike a personal note that must of necessity be missed in a large theater. The audience is drawn into the scene, it seems to get a glimpse into real life and the play becomes something more than a staged picture filled out with acted emotions. On one occasion the illusion of reality was so great that it brought forth one of the prettiest compliments I have ever heard paid an actress. She was playing "The Star," a role that demands the expression of a great variety of emotions, and at the close of one of her scenes a young girl quite unfamiliar with the mechanics of stage management turned to me and said: "She has never done that before, has she? I mean," she explained, "it is so real that it sounds as if she were making it up as she goes along." Her comment meant the triumph of art. And it reminded me of what I once heard Joseph Jefferson give as the explanation of his success in "Rip Van Winkle." "I have played it hundreds of times," he said, "but I always make myself say the words as if I had never said them before." Mary Shaw has this power to so wonderful a degree that it often happens at rehearsals before the other members of the cast are familiar with her lines, that they will answer in propria persona something in her part that she has spoken so naturally that they do not recognize that she is acting. This is a wonderful achievement, for

there is nothing more difficult than to speak words that another has conceived as if they were your own.

* * *

Kalish was discovered by Harrison Grey Fiske and taken away from the Kalish Theater on the Bowery, but with the exception of Kalish and Nazimova, it has usually seemed an unfortunate thing for the art of the actor for him to be discovered, and, incidentally, for his peace of mind. There seems to be a predilection in favor of the foreigner, if he hails from the East Side, but in spite of it he sometimes fails. It may be that there is difficulty in getting a good medium for his art that will appeal to so different an audience, or in translating plays that he would naturally find his best vehicle. Kessler left the ranks of the Yiddish players for a time to star in "The Spell" at the Majestic Theater, but after a month or two he was back again in his true setting. And those of us who have seen him in company with Madame Lipzin could not but rejoice, not in his failure with Broadway audiences, but in his return to the place which he has made peculiarly his own.

* * *

It is probable that Komisarachevsky was attracted to this country by Nazimova's success. She came well advertised from Russia, but she began at the wrong end. Doubtless she thought it would be a fine thing to parallel the success of her sister actress; and probably she thought she had everything in her favor. At great expense she brought over her company of Russian players and secured a Broadway theater. She presented a large repertoire of plays, among them "The Doll's House," which naturally brought her into direct contrast with Nazimova, who, at the time, was at the height of her popularity, and New York would have none of her. There is no counting on New York, but it at least gives its idols their hour, and Nazimova's was to be undisturbed. Komisarachevsky was playing before unsympathetic people in a strange tongue that they did not understand. So severe were the critics that they utterly failed to give her even fair praise for what she did well. They would not even credit her sincerity or her conscientiousness. And she is both conscientious and sincere, two excellent qualities in an actress, though to reach a height they must be supplemented by a touch of the divine fire. Of the fire Komisarachevsky has very little, but her voice is good, she has a pleasing personality and no noticeable technical faults.

* * *

When her engagement was an admitted failure, and she could hold the Broadway house no longer in the face of the handful of people who presented themselves at the box office, she canceled her engagement there and played for the remainder of her stay in New York at the Thalia Theater on the Bowery. This is the quarter of her own people. They understood her and her tongue. She drew enormous crowds and they praised enthusiastically. And one wonders what would have happened if she had reversed her campaign. If she had come unheralded from Russia and had begun with a success at the Thalia, and if the news of the sensation on the Bowery had percolated to Broadway and drawn some of the curious, might not a discovery have resulted? It is too bad that she did not try the experiment at any rate. Her unexciting rendition of "The Doll's House" is chiefly memorable to me because of a comment made during the performance by a New York woman, well-known in literary and artistic circles. It was in the nature of a confidence. "Do you know," she began as she turned to me, "I never thought I could act, but I would just love to act Nora. I don't think she is a doll at all, and I am sure that I could make people see she isn't a doll." And I wondered how many actresses who had essayed the role had thought Nora a doll or anything resembling one. Certainly not Komisarachevsky, for whom acting is a very serious business, and whose Nora was consistently serious from the rise of the curtain.

New York, July 19.

ANNE PAGE.

"No Man Liveth to Himself"

What doth it help me though my pathway lead
Through pleasant meadows, where tall daffodils
Frame with their gold pure streams from distant
hills,
Where the soul findeth food for every need
Mid the sweet flowers? There are wastes of weeds
Beyond the hedge, and every weed is pearled
With tears of heavy eyes. A suffering world
Sends up her cry to heaven and, piteous, pleads
For balm to heal her sorrows. Would we keep
The sobbs out if we could and, with sweet strain
Of dulcet music drown the distant wail?
No; for one pulse throbs through us e'en in sleep;
Our kinship is so near, we feel the pain
We do not see, but know, beyond the veil.

—L. C.



Gen. Sherman and the Central Building

How shocking that General M. H. Sherman, member of the water board, should be part owner of the Central building, wherein the Los Angeles aqueduct board has its offices. This building, by the way, is controlled by Edwin T. Earl, who, I believe, owns a majority of stock in the Main Street Company, a corporation that erected the Central building at Sixth and Main. Possibly, the fact that General Sherman is a stockholder in this corporation renders him ineligible to serve on the water board, but I rather suspect this is what Mrs. Partington would have called a "subterfuge" on the part of Uncle George to unhorse the general. In view of the delicate relations between Owner Earl of the Express and Partner Sherman, it is not surprising to find my esteemed evening contemporary singing low in regard to General Sherman's retirement. I well remember when he gave Mr. Earl the tip that caused the millionaire newspaper owner to acquire the corner at Sixth and Main in half interest with Sherman. It was just before the news was made public that Mr. Huntington was to erect a colossal building on the opposite corner, for office use and terminal purposes of the interurban electric roads. For a long time ramshackle wooden houses rendered the Earl-Sherman corner an eye-sore on Main street, but now no handsomer, better constructed office building can be found in this or any other city than the beautiful and artistic Central block at the southwest corner of Sixth and Main. I can discern no urgent reason why General Sherman should not be allowed to serve out his term on the water board. He has not the controlling voice in the Central building affairs. However, if he must go, the report that Major Henry T. Lee is to be his successor will be compensation. An upright gentleman and a fine lawyer, the public service will not suffer by such a nomination.

Messrs. Garland and Connell En Tour

Seattle has been invaded the past week by Colonel William M. Garland and wife and Michael J. Connell and wife, en route to Alaska. A wireless from the exposition city conveys the intelligence that the Los Angeles contingent was charmed with the city's improvements, its climate and its people. Colonel Garland was particularly impressed with the street lamps of Seattle. The authorities are not ashamed to say they copied from the Angel City. The party found the fair in every way satisfying. After seeing what Seattle has, Messrs. Garland and Connell have concluded that what Los Angeles needs is a public library and a postoffice in the heart of the present business district. Who knows? Perhaps they will fill the first-named want in their own way on their return. Of course, this is an unauthorized conclusion on my part. They agree that all good Angelenos should be proud of Seattle, for its people are of much the same measure and kind as those at home. The colonel asserts that they put up their lumber, salmon, grain and commerce against our oil, fruit, push and climate, and they are not shy on energy either. They boast 300,000 population and predict 750,000 in 1920. "But," adds Colonel Garland, "we shall have a million by that time."

Arizona's Stupid Pigeon-Shooting Law

Instead of publicly thanking the ten Los Angeles hunters, who saved to the farmers of Maricopa county, Arizona, upward of two tons of grain, which the white-wing pigeons they shot otherwise would have destroyed, an over-zealous justice of the peace at Tempe mulcted each sportsman fifteen dollars—not for shooting the birds, but for shipping them out of the territory. It is a stupid law. If the hunters had left the birds to rot on the ground, there would have been no violation of the law, hence no penalty inflicted. But because they shipped the game into Los Angeles, as a treat for hospital patients, they were subjected to the strong arm of the law. The ten sportsmen comprised Messrs. Dr. W. Jarvis Barlow, James C. Drake, Edwin J. Marshall, Gail B. Johnson, A. F. Culling, John B. Miller, J. M. Kilgarif, L. B. Burck, Oscar Milbank and S. W. Collins. I am informed that the ranchers of

Maricopa county expressed their disgust at the action of Justice Carr of Tempe, in unmeasured terms, the grain pilfering by the pigeons causing them heavy losses annually. When the justice discovered the temper of his constituents, he expressed regret for having imposed the fines, and privately told one of the victims that had he realized the sentiment of the county, he would have dismissed the case. I am told the arrest was due to spite work. One of the dealers in Tempe, who failed to get an order for shells, was the informer.

Why "Jim" Mellus is Smiling

General Manager "Jim" Mellus, of the Challenge Coal Company, is wearing the broadest kind of a smile these days, and with good reason. In the face of the hottest combination from his esteemed competitors, the Black Diamond Company, Spreckels Company, American Fuel Company and the Black Canyon Company, he succeeded in bearing off a 2,000-ton contract from the city, a 600-ton contract from the Soldiers' Home, and a 500-ton contract from Whittier, all within a week. Only six cents a ton difference in his Soldiers' Home contract, and ten cents a ton on the city order, but he admits forty cents disparity on the next lowest bid on the Whittier deal. However, a little thing like that does not bother the Honorable "Jim" Mellus, whose energy and persistence in a good cause will give his esteemed rivals many more heartburnings in the future, if I am not greatly mistaken.

Marshall Stimson "Militant Reformer"

I have been reading a pleasant estimate of my friend, Marshall Stimson, which the California Weekly prints in its current issue, embellished with a half-tone counterfeit presentment of the sage of Kensington road. "The Militant Reformer" is what my San Francisco contemporary terms Marshall, and I guess that fills the bill. Certainly, he is a good fighter, and as such has commanded the respect of his political enemies and the admiration and appreciation of his friends. I do not always agree with Marshall's conclusions, for your true reformer is more or less of a bigot and unless you are uncompromisingly and unhesitatingly with him in everything, you are likely to be persona non grata in his esteem. However, unlike other reformers of my acquaintance, Marshall will credit the other fellow with honesty of intent, even though the two ways are apart, and for this fairmindedness he is to be commended. I believe in his sincerity of purpose and look to see him, at a future date, when all his fights are won, occupy a high post of honor in state or national politics.

Yung Gus Holmes Floors Joe Leiter

That is a very pretty story coming by way of Chicago to the effect that Gus S. Holmes, Jr., son of the former proprietor of the Angelus Hotel, was the athlete who disciplined "Joe" Leiter in a Pullman car recently at Jersey City, for being uncivil to women in the car. According to Holmes, Leiter was in a quarrelsome mood and treated the porter roughly. Gus interfered, and when Leiter turned to rend him, he landed a straight arm blow between Joe's eyes and then gave him an uppercut below his jaw that made him take the count. His wife screamed, but Joe did not retaliate. The conductor led him off to get washed up. I haven't heard "Joe" Leiter's side of the story, but as he weighs upward of 280 pounds, is strong as an ox and as pugnacious as a bull, I cannot help examining the story told by Gus with glasses. Gus is well built and in prime condition, it is true, but in spite of the other chap's weight, apparently, he was Leiter than Gus.

Municipal Politics in the North

San Francisco is in the throes of a pre-election primary contest with a dozen candidates already in the field for mayor. The Republican Barkises include William Crocker, David J. Grauman, R. H. Countryman, Byron Maury and Edward A. Kell. The Democratic Moses are Thomas B. W. Leland, Ralph McLeran and Edward R. Rock. Union Labor presents P. H. McCarthy and Frank J. Sullivan. Good Government men are likely to settle on William J. Langdon for mayor by petition, after the primaries. Wise money in the northern metropolis is centering on Hon. "Pinhead" McCarthy for winner, with William Crocker a second choice. On the four vexed questions of municipal import, to-wit: the Hetch Hetchy water project, gas rates, monopoly of Lower Market street by the United Railroads and the re-submission of Geary street municipal railroad bond project, Mr. Crocker seems to hold no opinions or else is as cautious as one brushing flies off a sleeping Venus, in expressing them. What San Francisco now is experiencing Los Angeles

will taste a month later. Already the signs and portents of coming trouble gather on the local political horizon.

Dr. Walter Lindley on Theaters Abroad

I was discussing with Dr. Walter Lindley the other day, at luncheon, his recent experiences abroad, and after exhausting many topics in which we were mutually interested, asked him how the London and Paris theaters and actors compared with our own. Laughingly, he quoted what May Robson said last week, that the only good actors she had seen on the Paris stage were two monkeys, which he admitted was worse than his experience in London. Said Dr. Lindley: "I went there expecting to see the best there was in acting, but while I was in the British metropolis not a great actor appeared on the London stage, although it was the height of the season. In that same time the theaters of Los Angeles had Nazimova, Otis Skinner, Mrs. Fiske, John Drew, Ethel Barrymore and others of equal note. This made me realize what advantages we have right at home."

Actors and Actresses of London Stage

"One afternoon," said he, "I went to His Majesty's Theater, Haymarket, and saw Beerbohm Tree in Ibsen's 'An Enemy of the People.' The hero, a theatrical, altruistic physician, brought out most graphically the sordidness of the average man. The play was intense. Marie Tempest, at the Comedy Theater, was giving, delightfully, to crowded houses, 'Penelope.' In this play also a doctor and his wife hold the center of the stage, and Marie is the doctor's chic and charming wife. I enjoyed Bernstein's 'Lamson' as portrayed by Arthur Bouchier at Garrick's. This play had been on for one hundred nights. At the New Theater, St. Martin's lane, owned by the comedian, Sir Charles Wyndham, Fred Terry was giving an enjoyable 'Henry of Navarre,' with beautiful Julia Neilson as Marguerite de Valois. Beerbohm Tree's regular play at His Majesty's Theater, Haymarket, was 'The School for Scandal.' I saw it in its two hundred and tenth performance. Whatever may be said of Beerbohm Tree as an actor, he is without doubt a great manager. Sheridan's play was costumed and staged with historical accuracy and without regard for expense. The stately minuet was magnificent."

London Vaudeville Suffers by Contrast

"As to London Vaudeville," continued the doctor, "as a rule it was nothing like so good as can be seen any evening at the Los Angeles Orpheum. At the Tivoli, on The Strand, Harry Lauder was the whole show. He gets \$1,200 a week, and there are in London only six theater nights in the week. Rounds of 'Hear! Hear!' and encore after encore greeted this humorous Scot. Rose Stahl, the bright American, was drawing great houses in 'The Chorus Lady.' She had the Britisher crying and laughing. Caught him coming and going. They translated her slang on the instant and got right in the swing of her whole performance. I searched in vain for the London 'pit' of history. It has given way to the orchestra of American theaters, and while seats in the first balcony are usually considered the choicest, prices are about the same as in the orchestra. In both London and Paris the ushers are women. The theaters are none of them large, and the prices are as high again as in the United States. A good seat, either in orchestra or first balcony, in the leading London theaters, is twelve shillings (\$3)."

Expensive Programs, Cheap Taxicabs

"Another thing that surprises the American is that all programs are sold at from sixpence (12 cents) to a shilling. On the other hand, speaking of expenses, it is remarkable how cheaply one can travel in taxicabs. For instance, Mrs. Lindley and I took a friend with us to Rejane's Theater in Paris, and after the performance I called a taxicab. We left our guest at her hotel and then went to our own. Taxicab charges, one franc five centimes, or twenty-one cents. Here is a further example in London: We called a taxicab that took my wife and me from the Victoria Hotel, Northumberland avenue, to the grand opera, Covent Garden Theater. Taxicab charge, eight pence (sixteen cents). In all cases a ten cent tip is expected. The opera was 'Madam Butterfly,' with Mlle. Destinn in the leading role. I know nothing of music—just enough to enjoy it—but the place to see grand opera is Paris. 'L'Opera' is the center of Paris. I heard Gounod's 'Faust.' The orchestra, ballet, chorus and leading roles were doubtless perfection. In the grand foyer, between acts, were the occupants of all the boxes joined in a grand promenade and made a panorama never to be forgotten. I also saw

Maeterlinck's 'Pelleas et Melisande,' to the music of Debussy, at the Opera Comique. It is said that the music of Debussy is epoch making, but it must take an artist to understand it. Nevertheless, the acting and singing were thrilling and impressive."

That Round-the-Whirled Nightmare

Hooray! the great Hearst trip has begun! Whiz! Toot! Toot! Chicago! Having viewed the great west and wondrous middle states from your car window, you will now pass an hour in the Hearst office, where photographers and reporters will get busy. Off again! New York; a taxicab sprint for the dock; a leap and you are abroad an Atlantic liner! The thrilling sight of salt water greets you for a period. Be careful, children, to jot down all such sea phenomena as "We had a fine trip." "The ocean was calm."

London! One-quarter of the journey completed in eleven days! Take your time, you have almost half a day for England, Scotland and Ireland. Here, glue your eyes to this moving picture exhibit: Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Marlborough House, Buckingham Palace, the Bank of England, Scotland Yard, "all the parks," the naval pageant on the Thames, Rotten Row, White-chapel, the horse guards with even the horses laughing, Whitehall, Hampton Court, the Pope villa at Twickenham, the Star and Garter and Mitre inns, Kensington Gardens, Richmond, Chiswick—time's up. Grab a sandwich, lads.

Toot! That is the boat skimming the English channel.

Rattle, slam, rattle! You are doing the continent.

Ostend, Belgium, one day from Lunnon! Why, here's Russia already in sight. Tut, tut! We were in Berlin almost ten minutes. You must be more observant, children, or you will not secure full data regarding the people, customs, nooks and byways of these important cities.

Now the night is fitting past. So is a large portion of the Old World. It is another day, and we are pulling into Warsaw.

Watch the telegraph poles skim past and jot down your notes.

Vladivostok! Quick, wasn't it? However, you are seeing the world—keep this fact firmly fastened in your young minds.

All aboard for Yokohama! Three cheers! In the mikado's empire and several minutes to spare in viewing his wonderful islands. Perhaps your trusty guide will allow you half an hour.

"Forward!" The familiar cry greets your ear again. Dash for the steamer, boys, for your lives. You might get left and have to remain a whole day. This would establish a dangerous precedent. Remember, kind Mr. Hearst is not paying for precedents of this character.

On the water again! This time it is the Pacific. Now compose yourselves and write out all your voluminous notes in detail, for you have seen it all. You will have plenty of time between meals.

San Francisco! All off for the United States!

Grab the train, children, and you soon will be in dear old Los Angeles. Home again! Why, why, you have been away more than a month. What a great man is Mr. Hearst! Tell the dear people all about it, children.

Mrs. Hudson's Tragic Death

In the tragic death of Mrs. Eleanor Hudson, at San Diego, Tuesday evening, by automobile collision with a trolley car, in which Mrs. I. L. Hibbard, her daughter, was painfully, but not seriously hurt, the popular superintendent of the Santa Fe railway coast lines lost what a married man learns to prize highly, a mother-in-law, whose serene disposition and bright mind gave her an attractive personality that endeared her to all. One who knew her well tells me that although Mrs. Hudson was seventy-four years old, her amiability and ready wit were such delightful characteristics that her company was always keenly appreciated. Those of us who have been similarly blessed in this respect can better sympathize with Mr. Hibbard's bereavement. I trust Mrs. Hibbard will speedily recover from her physical injuries; the mental healing will be a slower process.

Pursuing the Elks

If those visiting Elks have an idea that they have left behind all sight and sound relating to the beauties, allurements and advantages of Los Angeles and Southern California, they certainly do not know Frank Wiggins. The late guests of the city now are wending their way northward along the Pacific coast, bound for the Seattle exposition. But the old campaigner is right on their trail. When the travelers arrive at the

fair grounds they will run into a Wiggins ambush, for Frank will be right there with fresh decorations on the beautiful California building, in honor of the Elks. The tourists again will be bombarded with printer's ink, describing anew the delights of the sunshine land and many more surrenders are expected. And, in the midst of battle, will be seen the extended coat tails of the Chamber of Commerce warrior, whose motto still reads: "Fresh Scalps for Greater Los Angeles."

Hector Alliot's Proper Resentment

At the celebration of the fall of the Bastille, last week, a group of Frenchmen, among them Hector Alliot, who was the French speaker of the day, were discussing the passing of Bartolo Ballerino.

"Thank God, he wasn't a Frenchman!" exclaimed Alliot. Just then a compatriot approached, and, grasping him warmly by the hand, said, "I congratulate you upon your good fortune, Mr. Alliot!"

"Good fortune? What good fortune?" queried Alliot.

"Why, I see by a morning paper that you are heir to \$10,000," was the reply.

Alliot blushed to the roots of his hair. Involuntarily, he clenched his fist as he stepped toward the man.

"I do not thank you," he said in his best French manner. "I consider it an insult that you should think I could have been the friend of a man like that!"

The other Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "O, well; ten thousand dollars are ten thousand dollars—even if from Ballerino," he said.

"That may be your way of looking at it; for me I should feel as if I had inherited a garbage dump," answered Alliot.

So the friends of Alliot are very chary these days of attaching an extra "t" to his name, or making any allusions to bequests.

Those Street Ruts

I often wonder when the law regarding restoration of streets, after excavation, will be enforced. The thousands of citizens suffering from spinal kinks caused by their bouncing vehicles, also have a wonder coming. There is scarcely a paved or oiled thoroughfare in the city which has not hollows or ridges left by the busy, busy excavator. For example, there are more than a score of thank-ye-mums in a single block of Fedora street, south of Pico, all made by these burrowers. This is but one of the numerous bad examples. And these annoying ruts are made, day after day, despite the fact that every company responsible, puts up a bond at the city hall as an alleged guarantee that holes and trenches will be restored properly. It is an aggravation which easily may be remedied by the board of public works, one would think.

Hark! From the Tombs

From the ghostly confines of the political cemetery wafts the spectral voice of Owen McAleer, tacitly nominating himself as a candidate for mayor. A friend recalls to mind the time that "Honest Owen," favored the locating of a liquor house on South Broadway, in the midst of the select shopping district. I well remember the wrath of Wesley Clark and other heavy property owners interested in keeping that thoroughfare uncontaminated. Their protests had little effect on McAleer until Mr. Clark publicly announced that he would pay all the costs of a special election to invoke the recall. Within an hour the mayor of Los Angeles was seen to emerge from Mr. Clark's office. He had hurried around and given his promise to be good.

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There is a well known romance pertaining to the towns of Italy, history is full of it, but the automobile has created a romance of the roads that is quite new. With this highway devourer it is possible to penetrate to the very heart of Italy, ancient and modern. The remote and unspoiled corners of this land of dreams have heretofore been out of reach of the ordinary hurried traveler, but now, independent of trains or carriages, and winged like Icarus for speed, the fortunate possessor of an automobile may wander at will over the length and breadth of the land. L. C. Page & Co. have just published a guide book, written by Francis Miltoun, which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of awakening a yearning for this kind of travel, and of equipping the autoist with valuable information before he starts. He suggests that to follow the pilgrimage of some of the well-known wayfarers of long ago would be an interesting thing to do, and so many of these are chronicled in song and story a choice is easy. Chaucer set out for Genoa in 1373 and met Petrarch at Padua and talked shop. A monk from the banks of the Danube, en route for Jerusalem, stopped off at Venice and wrote things about it in his diary. Martin Luther passed through Milan, Pavia, Bologna and Florence on his way to Rome. Sir Philip Sidney was in Padua and Venice in 1573 and brought back a portrait of himself, painted by Paul Veronese, just as tourists today buy bric-a-brac. Dante was a mighty traveler; believed to have been in Rome when he received his sentence of banishment; he journeyed north to Siena and Arizza, to the Alps, to Padua, wandered on Roman roads, fled by sea and finally reached Ravenna, his last refuge. An interesting itinerary this for a literary enthusiast. There have also been romantic trips like that of George Sand and Alfred de Musset, for the sentimentally inclined; military journeyings on the famous Roman roads from Caesar's day to Napoleon's. On the way to Rome is Chiusi, embedded in hills, and containing the grave of Lars Porsena of Clusium, to quicken childhood memories. No stone or corner of Italy but seems to have its story, gay, sad or romantic. The volume is profusely illustrated by Blanche McManus. Odd and out-of-the-way bits of architecture, stately towers or lovely landscapes make these pictures as fascinating as the text. Everywhere the roads are described from the auto tourist standpoint; the hotels are named and rates given. At the same time the book contains so much of the romantic history of storied Italy that it reads like a novel.

By the same publishers, and issued in much the same sumptuous style, is "The Spell of Italy," by Caroline Atwater Mason. This tells of the first trip of two women, traveling alone, what they saw and how they liked it. Written in a sprightly style, there is yet a little too great an affectation of timidity and fears which melted away at first contact with the various objects of dread. One wonders where they found courage to start. But they were sensitive to beauties and to antiquity, with its mysterious fascinations. The very soil of Italy is saturated with romance and story; the author expresses it well in these words:

I realize that on these shores of Capri, of Naples, of the ancient Surrentum, have lived for ages upon ages men and women of high intellectual endowment and developed aesthetic sense, upon whom no scintilla of the glory and the gleam of sky and sea, no fragrance of orange blossom or mist of the olive, no curve or line of beauty, no tint of shell or rose, no touch of poetry or romance, was ever lost. Not only has all this bounty existed from everlasting, but the habit and power by which to interpret it have also been here from everlasting. The grandeur of the mountains, the luxuriance of the valleys have expressed themselves in human character and action throughout the centuries. Perfection and the passion for perfection are here race-old. So we feel ourselves surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, imposing, thrilling, subduing.

They found Rome difficult. "Why does no one write a primer of Rome for the average traveler, in words of

one syllable?" wailed Filia. "Easy Steps for Little Feet is what we chiefly need." They found a friend in a woman who had lived for twenty years in Rome, bent on discovering it. The modern Italy and its political struggles and victories interested them largely. It is the Italy of Garibaldi, of Vittorio Emanuele III. of today, told in a fresh gossip way that is most charming. This volume is also illustrated with reproductions and portraits. ("Italian Highways and Byways From a Motor Car." By Francis Miltoun. "The Spell of Italy." By Caroline Atwater Mason. L. C. Page & Co.) M. H. C.

"Elizabeth Visits America"

After the wholesale condemnation (and consequently wide sale) of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," a new book under her name was received with uplifted eyebrows and figuratively gloved hands. But her "Elizabeth Visits America" is as chattily harmless and amusing as one could imagine. The remarks of Elizabeth, the English marchioness who comes a-visiting after a quarrel with her husband, need not be taken with harsh feelings. Her satirical criticism is kindly, her admiration—and there is plenty of it—is apparently whole-souled and honest. In places it is evident that Mrs. Glyn must have wandered into the wrong pew of the right church, as her viewpoint seems to have been distorted by strangely un-American people. But, taken as a whole, the book is one to be read, inasmuch as it gives Americans the opportunity of seeing themselves as others see them. And there is none of the narrow condemnation so often accorded the people of "The States" by English visitors ("Elizabeth Visits America." By Elinor Glyn. Duffield & Co.)

"The Woman and the Sword"

A. C. McClurg & Co. have opened a new field in fiction by putting forth well-printed, acceptably bound novels at the price of 75 cents. Heretofore the standard novels have cost \$1.35 to \$1.50, whether they were good or bad, small or large. It is safe to say that this departure on the part of McClurg's will result in a large increase of readers, who can now buy two books for what they formerly paid for one. And it is not the second-class fiction which they are putting out, if their first book, Rupert Lorraine's "The Woman and the Sword" is a fair example. Lorraine's story is a whimsically romantic tale of England after the Thirty Years' War, with stirring incidents that were quite possible in those days of bloodshed and intrigue. Its hero is an odd, likable "Brigadier Gerard" sort of adventurer, its heroine is wilful and captivating, and its villain is a villain to the last moment. It is melodrama, pure and simple, but such a merry, blustering tale that it tickles the spirit of adventure. ("The Woman and the Sword." By Rupert Lorraine. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Wild Life in the Rockies"

Enos A. Mills has not only the distinction of having been a government experimenting officer, styled by the unique title of "State Snow Observer of Colorado," "to observe those things that are likely to be of interest or value to the department of agriculture or weather bureau," on the upper slopes of the Rockies, but the greater honor of being one of those rare souls who listen with childlike simplicity and understanding love to the voices of the birds, the trees, the winds and all nature. "This is a beautiful world, and all who go out under the open sky will feel the gentle, kindly influence of Nature and hear her good tidings." In "Wild Life in the Rockies" Mr. Mills has given a few of the secrets he has learned in that rarified atmosphere in more than twenty years' happy excursioning among the mountains of the west.

Equipped with snowshoes, camera, compass, thermometer, barometer, notebook, folding axe, no fire arms, no bedding, and food, usually raisins, the wilds grew eloquent and friendly to one without fear. In his encounters with the elements and with savage beasts these accoutrements proved sufficient, most marked of these adventures being detailed in "The Wilds Without Firearms," where two gray wolves test his courage and wits. "Midget, the Return Horse" and "Faithful Scotch" instance remarkable animal friendliness and intelligence, while the "Story

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of the Thousand Year Pine" rivals Hans Anderson's famous masterpiece, "The Story of the Old Oak," with the added charm of actuality. Most peculiar of his adventures is that in an electrical storm while a "Watcher on the Heights." "Besieged by Bears" is exciting in the extreme, but perhaps the most interesting sketches have to do with "Kinnikinnick" and "The Lodge Pole Pine," showing how the lowly creeper and the slender aspiring penon bearer reclaim the mountain slopes laid waste by fire.

It is a book that will appeal to the nature lover with peculiar force, and especially, should it be read by all lads and lasses. The story of "Kinnikinnick," told to the little ones, would prove a most fascinating tale, and most of the sketches, in fact, might be adapted admirably to these younger minds. The illustrations are works of art, and the diction simple yet dignified. It is a pleasure to have scaled the heights in such company and inspired God's pure air for this brief space. ("Wild Life in the Rockies." By Enos A. Mills. Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

"The Half Moon"

Historically correct and carefully wrought, Ford Madox Hueffer's "The Half Moon" may be, but so far as interest is concerned, from the story-readers' viewpoint, its value is nil. There are many authors who have achieved the power of writing historical novels which combine fiction with fact in an entertaining fashion, but as yet Mr. Hueffer is not competent in this line. His narrative is desultory and fails to compel interest, even though the writer has a certain knack of word painting. The story, which concerns the hardships of a young Englishman, who puts out with Henrik Hudson on his voyage of exploration, is enveloped throughout in a somber atmosphere of unhappiness, with witchcraft, evil and death. It does not win sympathy. ("The Half Moon." By Ford Madox Hueffer. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Three Books by the Editor

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By Samuel Travers Clover

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FOURTH AND SPRING

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and the Drama than any similar publication on the coast.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

Much prominence of late has been given to a work by a woman. Ethel Smyth's "The Wreckers," an opera, has just been produced in its entirety in London. Excerpts have been given on the continent and in London by leading orchestras for several years. Such men as Arthur Nikisch giving it repeatedly, which is enough to say of its musical worth, for Nikisch has been guided by keen musical judgment in the production of works, notably the Brahms symphonies. The action of the drama is founded on the practice once piously indulged in by dwellers on the Cornish coast of luring ships on the rocks for the sake of plunder, and the tragedy comes from the heroine's refusing to sanction the customs of her countrymen, the wreckers. In the London production, Clementine de Vere, for years a prominent singer in the east, took the leading role.

Little Pepito Arriola, who is to play in America the coming season, has his plans mapped out for him sensibly. He will appear but three times in a week, and when with orchestra, in one concert only. Pianos are being specially made for him with keyboard and pedal smaller. His first American appearance will be at a Metropolitan Opera Sunday concert.

Dalhousie Young and Mrs. Young will pass the summer in Japan, returning to Los Angeles in October. Mr. Young has lived a year there before, and one is surprised to hear from him of the advanced musical conditions there. Choral singing, orchestras and the like flourish among the alert people. Mr. Young heard a fine performance of the concerto for two violins (Pach) while in Japan, by a young Japanese woman and her German instructor.

Adela Verne, the pianist, is touring in Mexico, and in a letter to the Pacific Coast Music Review writes, "If the Mexicans are as nice as the Californians, I think I shall have a lovely time."

A movement is on foot for the improvement of the position of orchestra musicians in Germany. In a recent meeting at the Musiker-Vereinshaus in Berlin, the subject was discussed and many of the disagreeable features attending this branch of the professional musician's life were pointed out and remedies suggested. Of 50,000 musicians in Germany, it appears that only 2,000 have permanent positions in court theaters and orchestras subventioned by different communities, and that only 6,000 have even season positions; the others earn what they can here and there, as occasion offers, writes Mr. Abell in the Musical Courier.

David Bispham will read Antigone, Sophocles, with the Mendelssohn music, next season. Several prominent organizations already have engaged him.

"The Violin Maker of Cremona," the charming play given here with pronounced success, by Eugene Nowland and his assistants, recently, is among the operas scheduled at the Manhattan next season. Jeno Hubay, the famous violinist and composer, has given it this musical setting. The opera was composed and presented in Hungary in 1893.

Hammerstein, in speaking of his new educational opera season, which will precede the winter season, says: "My object in establishing this new company is to create more operagoers, to impart to the masses of our population the beauties and uplifting sentiments of opera, and to do alone what the governments and municipalities of Europe strive to do by the erection of opera houses and continued subvention. To allow the masses to enjoy opera performances the prices are to be exceedingly reasonable, but the performances will be of a character and standing bordering on those that the

New York audiences demand during the regular season. The cheapness exists only in the prices."

Many Los Angelans will be interested in the announcement which comes from Boston that Miss Marguerite Banks, the twenty-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Banks of this city, has been engaged by Manager Henry Russell as one of the prima donne sopranos of the new Boston Opera Company. She will go to Boston in the fall with a three years' contract as dramatic soprano, and by arrangement between Managers Russell and Dippel she will sing certain roles at the Metropolitan Opera House, Boston. The announcement of his musical find, which Mr. Russell made known only recently, has caused surprise in musical circles, where tradition has bestowed upon older singers the responsible roles in all great operas. A little more than a year ago Miss Banks went from this city to Italy to study and there made her debut as Margherita Namara in the part of Marguerite in "Faust." In Boston she will make her debut as Santazza in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Her most successful role, however, is known to be Mimi in "La Boheme." Manager Russell has said of Miss Banks, "I know of no American girl with a more brilliant future." Miss Banks inherits her remarkable talent from her mother, who, possessing a voice of more than usual sweetness and power herself, did much in the early training of her daughter's voice.

Domenico Russo, the tenor so well known in Los Angeles, where he has lived several seasons, is among the list of singers engaged by Hammerstein.

Ludwig Wullner, the marvelous lieder singer, who opens the Los Angeles musical season, has been obliged to decline all foreign engagements while on the other side, as his American managers are booking him for a record-breaking season in the United States.

In an account of the New York State Music Teachers Association, held recently, the Musical Courier remarks:

Some of the singers did not manifest their patriotism, for, while Americans themselves, they persisted in singing in French and German. When diction is pure, one perhaps can enjoy a superfluity of foreign tongues, but when the singers might just as well be singing Chinese as French or German, they had better adhere to English until they have acquired a reasonable purity in the pronunciation and enunciation of the continental languages.

Now this is all very well, but what can be more unpatriotic than to sing one's mother tongue so it is unintelligible, and every one who has listened to singers knows it is next to impossible to distinguish the words of an ordinary ballad, even when sung by an American. If the cry would be started for "pure" English diction, instead of the worn-out one, "sing in English," singers before the public would study English diction as carefully as foreign languages, instead of devoting all their time to French, German and Italian, and there would be results.

Two American girls, whose names are practically unknown in their own country, but who are famous in the old world, visit the United States this season. Kathleen Parlow, a Canadian, but once a resident of San Francisco, comes to this country with the Beecham Orchestra of London. She was a pupil of Auer, Elman's teacher, and since 1907 has been touring the old country with wonderful success. The other young woman is Elsie Playfair, an American girl, though born in Australia. She has had tremendous success in London during the season just closed, and has played with leading orchestras of the continent.

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By Ruth Burke

Marked with military appointments and one of the most notable weddings of the year in exclusive society circles, the marriage Wednesday evening of Miss Edith Mendenhall Herron, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Rufus Hills Herron of 2700 Severance street, to Lieutenant William Hamilton Toaz, U. S. N., was of widespread interest. The ceremony was celebrated in Christ Episcopal church in the presence of a large company of relatives and friends. Rt. Rev. Bishop Joseph H. Johnson officiated and was assisted by Rev. Baker P. Lee. The church was elaborately and artistically decorated for the occasion with blossoms and greenery. Woodwardia ferns formed an effective background for quantities of gladioli and the choir benches were festooned with daisy chains. The pews were marked by clusters of Shasta daisies and fluffy bows of white tulle. Mr. Archibald Sessions played the wedding marches, and Mrs. Robert Wankowski sang "O, Perfect Love!" and other selections. During the prayer, which concluded the marriage service, the bridal couple knelt at the altar, which had been presented to Christ church by Colonel Herron in memory of his parents, the late Colonel and Mrs. W. A. Herron of Pittsburgh, Pa. The bride, who is a tall, slender girl of the blonde type, was beautifully attired in a gown of ivory crepe charmeuse, embroidered in wild roses and seed pearls, with point lace trimmings. The sleeves were long and of soft tucked tulle. Her bridal veil, which fell to the edge of the long train, was of embroidered tulle, and was worn by the bride's mother at her own wedding, as was the wreath of orange blossoms, which Miss Herron wore in her hair. The bride carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley, and was given away by her father. Mrs. W. L. Graves, Jr., was matron of honor. She wore a gown of ivory satin Anglaise, trimmed with Duchesse lace and rose point, and carried maidenhair ferns. Miss Margaretta Park, cousin of the bride, was her maid of honor, and was attired in an 1830 gown, made with bodice of dewdrop net over gold. The skirt and girdle were of ivory satin charmeuse, the skirt being caught with a spray of pale pink roses. Miss Park wore a wreath of ferns and gold gauze ribbons and carried maidenhair ferns. The four bridesmaids, Miss Katherine Clark, Miss Anita Patton, Miss Lois Chamberlain and Miss Carmelita Rosecrans were gowns of the 1830 style, with bodices of dewdrop net and skirt and girdle of the palest green satin. They wore gold ornaments in their hair and carried maidenhair ferns. Little Geraldine and Elizabeth Herron, nieces of the bride, were flower girls, and each wore a dainty frock of white and carried baskets of Cecil Bruner roses. Mrs. Herron, the bride's mother, wore a pale grey cachemire de soie, embroidered in steel and pearl and with yoke and sleeves of Duchesse lace. Mrs. F. Irwin, sister-in-law of the bride, wore a pink lace gown, made over pink satin, and Mrs. Samuel L. Graham, a cousin, was attired in a yellow moire gown made with a rich panel of real lace and trimmed in pearls. Lieutenant R. R. Riggs, U. S. N., of the receiving ship Independence, was best man, and the ushers included Lieutenant S. B. Thomas, Lieutenant A. Staton, Lieutenant George S. Patton, Mr. T. Fenton Knight, Mr. F. Irwin Herron and Mr. Paul Herron. Following the service at the church a reception was given at the home of the bride's parents for the bridal party, relatives and a few close friends. Guests were received in the drawing room, where pink amaryllis and potted plants were used. In the reception hall palms and ferns formed the decoration. Shasta daisies were utilized in the den. Refreshments were served at small tables in the court, which was embowered with Cecil Bruner roses, palms and greenery. The garden was brilliantly illuminated with electric lights and Japanese lanterns, and punch was served here. The dining room, where the bride's table was arranged, was canopied with asparagus ferns and lover's bow knots of green and white ribbon. The table was covered with a handsome lace cloth, and the centerpiece was a basket of Cecil Bruner roses. From place to place were festooned garlands of tiny pink roses. Crystal candlesticks, shaded in pink, were used, and the favors were white slippers, filled with pink candies. The orchestra occupied the back veranda, which was prettily embowered in greenery. After their wedding trip, Lieutenant and Mrs. Toaz will reside temporarily in Seattle. The wedding, which was one of the brilliant events, socially, of the season, culminated a pretty romance which had its beginning at Mare Island, where Miss Herron and Lieutenant Toaz met at the home of the former's cousins, Lieutenant and Mrs. Samuel D. Graham. A number of pre-nuptial affairs were given in compliment to Lieutenant Toaz and his bride, among them being the bridal dinner given Tuesday evening by Colonel and Mrs. Herron and the dinner party given Wednesday afternoon at the Jonathan Club by Mr. F. Irwin Herron for the men of the bridal party.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Milner, who recently returned from Honolulu, where they passed their honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny of Chester place gave a large box party at the Burbank Theater Monday evening. Besides the special guests there were present: Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Morosco, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. W. Myer, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Eduardo C. Cuilty of Chihuahua, Mexico; Mrs. A. B. McCutcheon, Mrs. John Burke of Pittsburgh, Pa., Mr. Edward L. Doheny, Jr., and Mr. Allan Davis. Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. George Goldsmith joined the party at the Alexandria, where supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Doheny plan to entertain again for Mrs. Milner, with a delightful lawn dance at their palatial home in Chester place, August 10. Mrs. Milner, who was Miss Winifred Llewellyn, was the recipient of much social attention prior to her wedding, and a number of other affairs are being given for her at this time.

Of interest to a wide circle of friends is the announcement which The Graphic makes today of the betrothal of Miss Catherine Claire Griffin, daughter of Mr. Patrick Griffin of 508 South St. Louis street, to Mr. Francis Richard Chalmers. In honor of Miss Griffin, her sister, Miss Nell Griffin is entertaining this afternoon with a box party at the Belasco Theater. Following the performance a collation will be served at Christopher's new sweet shop. Besides the guest of honor and the hostess, others who will enjoy the affair are Mrs. George Sieben, Mrs. Morris Griffin, Miss Mary Newhall, Miss Lou Minor, Miss Caroline Reynolds, Miss Clara Bullis, Miss Florence Winter and Miss Anna Newell. Miss Griffin is a popular member of the younger set. She is a beautiful young woman with the striking contrast of dark hair and blue eyes. No date has been set for the wedding, but it probably will be an event of the early fall season.

One of the most delightful of the week's society affairs was the informal dinner given Tuesday evening by Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Cochran of 1550 West Second street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welsh of Omaha, Neb., who are visiting in Los Angeles as house guests of Mrs. Welsh's parents, Judge and Mrs. W. R. Kelley, 1400 West Third street. Besides the guests of honor, Dr. and Mrs. Cochran, entertained Judge and Mrs. W. R. Kelley, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mrs. Josephine Witmer and Mrs. M. A. Lewis. Wednesday of this week, Judge and Mrs. Kelley and Mr. and Mrs. Welsh, with their three children, left for a two weeks' outing at Catalina Island.

Miss Mabel Wiles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Wiles of West Seventeenth street, whose engagement to Mr. Forest Arnold of San Francisco was announced recently, has gone north for a visit of several weeks with Mrs. George Arnold, mother of the groom-elect. Miss Wiles and Mr. Arnold have chosen September 15 as the date for their marriage. A number of delightful pre-nuptial affairs are planned in honor of Miss Wiles, among them being a tea which Miss Philippa Mitchell of South Figueroa street will give

for her and also in compliment to Miss Hazel Rhinock, who is Miss Mitchell's house guest.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kramer of Winfield street for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Eleanor Kramer, to Mr. James Ereen. The ceremony will take place Thursday morning, July 29, at the new Catholic church on Green street. A number of pre-nuptial affairs have been given in compliment to Miss Kramer, among them being a hearts party of which her sisters, Misses Edith and Bessie Kramer were hostesses, and an informal affair which Mrs. George Reynolds gave Thursday of this week at her home on Berendo street.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Crenshaw, who were married July 26 in Lansing, Mich., have come to Los Angeles and are at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Crenshaw, 1419 Wilton place, pending the completion of their own house this autumn. The bride was Miss Margaret Breck, daughter of Mrs. Albert de Camp of Lansing. She is a graduate of Vassar and also of Ann Arbor. It was while she and Mr. Crenshaw were students at the latter college that they first met. Mrs. Crenshaw will be at home the first and third Wednesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cotton, who have been visiting Mrs. Cotton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Peyton of Westlake avenue, left Sunday for Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Cotton plan to return early in October and will make their permanent home in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilson and daughter, Miss Jean Wilson, of Denver, Colo., who have been house guests at the Peyton home, left the first of the week for their home city.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Grigsby of 665 West Adams street have returned from a seven months' tour of the world. In Japan they were dinner guests of the American consul, Mr. O'Brien. Easter Sunday they were in Jerusalem, and while in Africa they took pictures of former President Roosevelt and his party. Returning to America, Mr. and Mrs. Grigsby visited several weeks in their former home in Winchester, Ky., and while there were guests of honor at a large tea given by Mrs. Byrd Hodgkin.

In honor of Miss Gladys Ritchie, who will leave in a few days for Atlantic City for the summer, Mrs. Helen Newcombe Hoff of Coronado street is entertaining today with a matinee party at the Mason Opera House. Following the performance a collation will be enjoyed at one of the sweet shops. In the party will be Miss Gladys Ritchie, Miss Maude Elizabeth Richards and her guest, Miss Frances Phillips of Salt Lake, Miss Rose Zobelein and Miss Julie Kie Christin.

Miss Lottita Corella of South Figueroa street was hostess Wednesday evening at an informal garden party given in compliment to Miss Alice Weyse, who will leave in a few weeks for Stanford. Dancing was a feature of the evening. Guests included Misses Alice Weyse, Helena Weyse, Elsie Caldwell, Margaret Rimpau, Julia Wolf, May Louise Maytorena; Messrs. Haines Reed, Wallace Rimpau, Carl Bear, Kingston Lindley, Arthur Gorrel, E. Fuller, Rodolfo Garayzar, A. Gomez, A. Alezo, Alvarez and Arvize.

Mrs. Bertha Winslow Vaughn of 1745 West Twenty-third street was hostess Wednesday evening at a delightful reception given in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul, who recently have returned from New York, where Mr. Paul had a successful season in grand opera. Mrs. Vaughn was assisted in receiving by Miss Elinor Hornday, and the guests included well-known members of the local musical colony.

Among the society events in Pasadena this week, the five hundred party given Tuesday afternoon by Miss Josephine Gordon of 868 Los Robles avenue was one of the most delightful. The affair was in compliment to Miss Laura Jones of Columbus, Ohio, who is the guest of Miss Gordon's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cannon Hurd of 777 Los Robles avenue. The house was attractively decorated throughout with Shasta daisies, arranged in flower holders and baskets. Besides the guest of honor there were present Mrs. Halm of Phoenix, Ariz.,

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Word has been received by friends of the safe arrival in Europe of Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, who sailed July 7 from New York on the Hamburg-American liner, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. George A. Barker and family of this city are at Redondo for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leeds recently were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler at the Bulkley home on the Esplanade, Redondo Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Norton, the latter formerly Miss Jessamine Rockwell, whose marriage was one of the social events in the early part of June, have returned from their wedding trip.

and have been guests at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Rockwell of Terrace Drive, Pasadena. They plan to make their home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Winfred Frank Huddel of 1847 Wilton place was hostess Tuesday at a handsomely appointed luncheon at the Jonathan Club, given for Mrs. Grant Mathews of Memphis, Tenn., and also in compliment to Miss Nella Dickson of San Francisco. American Beauties were used in the table decoration and covers were laid for Mrs. Grant Mathews, Miss Nella Dickson, Mrs. Phil Lyons, Mrs. Harry R. Coates and Mrs. Huddel.

Hon. and Mrs. Aquilla R. Yeakle and daughter, Miss Marie Yeakle of Washington, D. C., are visitors in Los Angeles and Monday evening were guests of honor at a dinner party given by their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Cline of 2320 South Grand avenue.

Hon. Nathan Jaffa, territorial secretary and acting governor of New Mexico, with Mrs. Jaffa, was the guest of honor Monday evening at a dinner party given at Levy's cafe by Mr. and Mrs. William S. Woolf of 529 California street. Following the dinner, the guests occupied a box at the Orpheum Theater.

Mr. and Mrs. Willits J. Hole and family left Monday for a motor trip to Lake Tahoe, where they plan to remain about three weeks.

Mrs. Guy Farham of West Seventh street will leave early in August for Santa Cruz, where she will be one of a house party to be given by Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch of Berkeley.

Mrs. Elton F. Willcox and her son, Master Farnsworth Willcox, of 2957 Halldale avenue, with Mrs. Willcox's mother, Mrs. C. Erdt, left this week for Murietta Hot Springs, where they will enjoy a fortnight's sojourn.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Gordon have joined the local contingent at Lake Tahoe and plan a month's outing at that summer resort.

Mrs. Fred A. Wann of 920 West Twenty-eighth street will be hostess Monday at a luncheon at the California Club, given in compliment to Mrs. Dixon of St. Louis, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. F. Conroy of West Thirtieth street. Mrs. Wann is expected to return today from San Francisco, where she has been visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Gracey of 3300 West Twenty-ninth place, who have been living for more than a year in Prescott, Ariz., where Mr. Gracey is secretary of the Arizona Power Company, are enjoying a month's outing in Los Angeles and nearby seaside resorts. They are guests at the home of Mrs. Wellington Burke, 3003 Halldale avenue, and later will visit at Catalina and Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Haggarty, who are occupying their handsome new home on West Adams street, entertained recently with an evening affair in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McElilly of New York, who have been passing their honeymoon here. The entertainment also was in the nature of a house warming. The hostess was assisted by Miss Ada Lusted, Miss Hilda Haase and Miss Louise Uiness.

In honor of Miss Martha Louise Field of San Jose, who is the house guest of Mrs. Charles Orville Hawley of 823 South Union avenue, Dr. and Mrs. M. E. Spinks of 1049 Orange street gave a dinner and theater party Monday evening. Several other affairs have been given for Miss Field since her arrival in this city.

Mrs. M. G. Herrera of 1931 Western avenue announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Regina Belle Herrera, to Mr. William Herman Eilers, assistant passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad. The wedding will take place in the early part of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. D. Matthus have gone to Yellowstone Park and Lake Tahoe for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Graves Percival have moved into their new home at 2226 West Twenty-ninth place, where Mrs. Percival will be at home to her friends the first Wednesdays after August 1.

Mrs. Harrison C. Henrich of 758 West Adams street will give an informal at

home Wednesday afternoon, when a number of Mr. Henrich's portraits will be on exhibition. Mrs. Henrich, whose charming hospitality is well known to local society folk, will receive informally each Wednesday and Sunday afternoons.

Mrs. Alfred E. Burns of 1724 Hobart boulevard is entertaining as a house guest, her mother, Mrs. Henry W. Chase of Sioux City, Iowa.

Miss Mabel Barnes of 2020 Magnolia avenue, with Miss Haidee Glasscock, have sailed for Honolulu, where they will pass the remainder of the summer season.

General and Mrs. O. H. La Grange are at Arrowhead Springs for a brief sojourn.

Mrs. L. A. Pyne of 633 South Union avenue is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. E. Frank Bayley of Hot Springs, Ark. Mrs. A. O. Bondy and Miss Bondy also are guests at the Pyne home.

Mrs. John W. Kemp and her son, Thatcher, of 3006 South Grand avenue, have joined the local contingent of northern travelers, and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Whitney of Portland, Ore. In their absence they will visit Seattle, British Columbia, San Francisco and Monterey, and plan to return to their home here in September.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Howarth have returned from Catalina Island, where they passed their honeymoon of several weeks. They are at home to their friends at 3124 Wilshire boulevard.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed and Mrs. Clifford Walker of Toronto, Canada, who have been visiting in Los Angeles, are enjoying a sojourn at Long Beach. Mrs. Reed is a favorite pupil of Jean de Reszke, and recently gave an artistic and successful song recital at Coronado. Her many admirers in this vicinity are hoping that she may be prevailed upon to give the promised recital which was to have been heard in this city a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Herman W. Hellman, her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Marco Hellman, and her son and daughter, Mr. Irving Hellman and Miss Amy Hellman, are at Long Beach for the summer.

Among the prominent Los Angelenos who recently returned from a short outing trip to Santa Barbara are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith, Dr. and Mrs. Rea Smith, Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mrs. Guy Cochran, Judge and Mrs. Wheaton Gray and Miss Gray.

Mrs. Paul Ridley and little daughter, Ethel, of Union avenue, will leave early in August for a trip of several months in the east, planning to visit in New York before returning by way of Seattle.

Miss Olive Harpham, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. J. H. McCullough of Burlington avenue, will leave soon for Colorado, where they will pass the remainder of the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. G. L. Hutchinson and daughters have moved into their new home at 510 Miami avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coulter and Mrs. Edna Arthur are house guests of Mrs. S. M. Sweet of Lyman place. Mrs. Sweet will entertain the visitors with trips to Catalina Island and other points of local interest.

Mrs. A. T. Anderson of Shatto street, who accompanied her daughter, Miss Beryl Hope, north recently, when the latter had concluded her engagement at the Majestic Theater in this city, has returned home.

Miss Leicester Sehon of San Diego, who has been the house guest for two or three weeks of her aunt, Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins of West Twenty-eighth street, left Sunday for her home. While in Los Angeles Miss Sehon was the recipient of much social attention.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Morse Vandervoort and party of Palo Alto motored to Los Angeles last week and have been guests of their cousin, Mr. S. H. B. Vandervoort of West Thirty-third street.

Miss Vera Spring of 742 Lake street left recently by steamer for the north, where she will visit for three months with friends in San Francisco and Seattle.

Miss Jessie B. Hayward of 2422 Bud-

long avenue has returned from an extended eastern trip. In her absence she visited several weeks with her sister, Mrs. W. G. Beymer of New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Schroeder of 1312 South Figueroa street announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Laura Schroeder, to Dr. Perry W. Gorham of Sacramento, the ceremony having been celebrated July 10. Dr. and Mrs. Gorham will enjoy a trip through the northern part of the state, after which they will go to Sacramento to home their future home. The bride is a popular young woman, with a host of friends among the younger social set.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marsh and two children, Florence and Martha, of 1119 Westchester place, accompanied by Mrs. Louise Pratt, will leave Sunday for a six or seven weeks' trip to Alaska. Returning from the northern point, they will stop in Seattle and San Francisco.

Mr. S. C. Wing and family of West Avenue Fifty-three left recently for a trip to Seattle. They will go as far as San Francisco in their car and the remainder of the trip to Seattle by boat. From Seattle they will tour through to Oregon in their motor car.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen H. Churchill, with their daughter and son, Miss Gertrude and Owen Churchill, of South Figueroa street, left last week for a two months' trip. They will visit in Montana, Yellowstone Park and Seattle and will pass the remainder of their time at Lake Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Prosser, accompanied by Mrs. Prosser's sister, Mrs. Lottie Dudley, left last Friday for Oak Lodge for a summer's outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Hill and sons, of Twentieth and Cimarron streets, have returned from a two weeks' outing at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Selover of 1025 Arapahoe street and their son, Howard, are at Palboa Beach for the summer.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Kathryn Warner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Gregg Warner of Pasadena, to Mr. J. Lorraine Barnard of this city. The wedding will take place this autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Curtis and children, Meredith and Lucile, have returned from a two weeks' stay in the Yosemite.

Rev. and Mrs. William MacCormack will leave late in July for a sojourn of a month or six weeks at La Jolla.

Mr. and Mrs. John Edgar Miller, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Clara A. Miller, formerly of Port Huron, Mich., are visiting at the home of their son, Mr. John B. Miller, at Hillside, Pasadena. Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Sr., will make their home in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Jones of 665 West Prospect avenue, Hollywood, have issued cards for an at home July 25.

Mr. and Mrs. John Milner have returned from Honolulu, where they went on their wedding trip, and are at home at the Llewellyn residence on West Adams street. Later, they will build a residence.

Mrs. Albert Scholl of South Main street entertained recently in compliment to Miss Julia Sullivan of San Francisco, who is her house guest. Miss Sullivan will return to her home in the north in October.

Mrs. H. G. Brainard of Orange street will entertain with an informal house party in the latter part of July and through August, at the family summer home, "Loma Vista," Catalina Island. Dr. Brainard, who is in the east, will return to join the party early in August.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hooker Dunbar of 2326 Scarff street announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Dunbar, to Mr. Robert Bigelow Chapin of Boston, Mass. The wedding will take place in October.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Snyder of Orchard avenue are entertaining, as a house guest, Mrs. A. T. Phillips of San Francisco.

Dr. Wells, Osteopath, 119 1/2 S. Spring.

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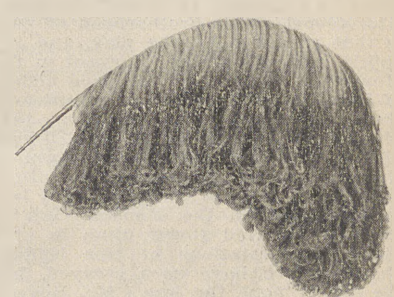
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With minor differences in character interpretation only, the second visit of "The Servant in the House," given at the Mason this week, in no respect serves to weaken the impression gained a year ago, at the initial advent of Charles Rann Kennedy's strong but simple conception. It is not a play that will attract the thoughtless, perhaps, yet in its tremendous potentiality appear a force and directness that even the most flippant observer cannot fail to discover. Love, not the vexed, sexual problem, but that great, unselfish, sacrificing spirit which Paul, the Apostle, so eloquently describes in his first epistle to the Corinthians, is the dominant note sounded by the playwright. The love that suffereth long, and is kind; that envieth not; that vaunteth not itself; that thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but in the truth; that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. In short, the beautiful gospel of the brotherhood of man is that preached by the play, and the subtle influence of the "Servant in the House," as typified by the good bishop of Benares, in the guise of a butler, is the miracle-working medium that plucks the scales from the blinded eyes of the occupants and restores light to the groping and oppressed souls within.

There is more of humanity and less of mysticism in the Manson (son of man) of Wilfred Roger, than in previous interpretations of this leading character we have seen essayed, but we like it none the less. Mr. Rogers' butler exudes a beautiful spirit which is subtly imparted, without any attempt at theatricism. His messages are of the simple and direct nature, delivered with a calm and beneficent eloquence that is so much more effective than an impassioned earnestness. Self-effacement, too, is a potent weapon of this Christ-like oriental, so picturesquely garbed in the flowing robe and sandals of the East Indian. It is an excellent portrayal that Mr. Rogers gives. Dramatic honors, however, easily fall to Charles Dalton, whose characterization of Robert Smith, the drainman, symbolical of the hopeless, submerged tenth, is one of the finest efforts we have faced in a long time. Mr. Dalton never deviates from his role, is happily unconscious of his audience and indulges in no heroics. His language—to call his wrestling with the English tongue a dialect were a misnomer—is that of the untaught, uncultured laborer, whose life is sodden and hopelessly dreary, particularly after his young wife dies and his daughter is taken from him. Mr. Dalton rises to great heights in the recital of his hapless lot, and in make-up, gestures, rude eloquence and facial expression, presents a convincing picture that denotes the possession of dramatic power in this actor of a high order.

Almost as excellent in its way is the depiction of George W. Wilson's bishop of Lancashire. This worldly-minded, unchristian-like character, who is a follower, not of the humble Nazarene, but of the golden calf, is represented as being fearfully deaf and almost blind, so that he is forever groping and stumbling physically, and is equally crippled mentally. The contrast between the two bishops is marked—they represent the two extremes in the church—and it is only just to say that the church is encumbered by few such despicable creatures as Mr. Kennedy makes the bishop of Lancashire to be. Mr. Wilson has strong temptation to overact, but he keeps within bounds and earns the well-merited approval of his audiences. At times, the work of Milton Sills, as the Rev. Wm. Smythe, is satisfactory, but in the main he is disappointing. His make-up is anything but clerical, with two cowlicks on either side his forehead and eyes that are sunk in an ultra carbonized setting that conveys no suggestion of the churchman.

If he will brush his hair in different

fashion and be more sparing of the charcoal, also inject greater variations of tone in his lachrymose voice, there will be hope for his future. Nature has done much for him, and to embarrass her efforts deliberately is little short of a crime. It is true he is handicapped by the fact that his wife, the "Auntie" of Miss Collier, appears to be at least ten years his senior, and to this extent he may be forgiven if his responses to her devotion appear insincere and perfunctory. Miss Collier is not happily cast, nor does she appear to be on too familiar acquaintance with her lines. The Mary of Miss Wynne is sympathetically presented throughout, and is a commendable piece of work. The Rogers of Ben Field also is a clever study; his "Buttons" is to the life. Altogether, "The Servant in the House" is most interestingly given, weak in spots, but redeemed by the fine work of Messrs. Dalton, Wilson and Rogers. S. T. C.

"Hypocrites" at the Burbank

Infants, whether physical or intellectual, cannot be expected either to understand or appreciate such a social and psychological drama as Henry Arthur Jones' "The Hypocrites." Least of all, should children, even if they can talk "nicely" and ever so glibly, venture to criticize—to condemn or praise—the work of their elders and betters, who know and measure life—its truths, its lies, its sorrows of passion, its rewards and its punishments—by the light of sane experience, keen analysis, ripe judgment, and masterly craft.

According to the mature verdict of such centers of dramatic art as London, Paris, Berlin and Chicago—I leave out of the question New York, the Mecca of trippers and the nursery of "shows"—"The Hypocrites" is Arthur Jones, greatest work. Moreover—for if we are looking for true values we must consider this—Jones' position in the English-speaking world as a master of drama is unchallenged, except by the ignorant and the fools who do not use the sense their parents gave them. Hence, I do not rely solely on my own fancy and impression in pronouncing the play at the Burbank this week not only to be great but also as tremendous a moral homily as "The Servant in the House" itself.

Until last Sunday evening I had only read "The Hypocrites." For a good many years, however, I had observed their prototypes in England as well as in California. Hence, in revisiting the Burbank, it was gratifying to find so many familiar actors in so strong a work.

In this age of personalities and the consequent vulgarity of the contemporary press, the average reader is more interested in the performers than in the play. Consequently, a school of critics—save the mark!—has arisen which prostitutes a once high and dignified service to the level of the backstairs scandalmonger, who makes him or herself eminent by vain sneers at actors and actresses, at stage managers and playwrights, who, knowing their art, reverse and serve it.

So it is expedient to pay more than passing notice to the stock company which has grown in power, and also to pay just tribute to the woman who graced and energized the performance by her sincere art and ripe comprehension.

Lillian Burkhart is practically a household word with every Los Angeles theatergoer of more than two years' sitting, and she deserves to be so more than ever. For out of her zealous study and sweet domesticity has grown a power which none who knew her as an incomparable ingenue and painstaking artist could have suspected from her old Orpheum work—unless, indeed, he be a very Winter or Belasco, the prophets of the twentieth century stage.

Mrs. Goldsmith transforms herself into the complex character of the British matron, chained by the accursed hypocrites of even ecclesiastical society—the most exclusive, the most sensitive and the best bred, in England—with a verisimilitude that is truly remarkable. She shows the true grasp of the tragic moments of the soul, as if she herself were suffering them. More than that it seems futile or foolish to say.

Mr. Morosco's company does itself proud. Of individuals, Mr. Desmond shows most improvement. To great advantage he has cultivated repose and

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restraint. Hence he conveys the sincerity which the matinee idol could never assume. R. H. C.

"Runaway Girl" at the Majestic

It is not the fault of the players that the production of "A Runaway Girl" at the Majestic this week is dull and dreary. The vehicle is antiquated, to say the least, and its humor is in no sense subtle or keen. It is reminiscent of the slap-stick days of vaudeville, and even though the Morosco forces labor valiantly with the situations they cannot drag the play from the ditch of mediocrity. Henry Stockbridge almost exhausts himself in the effort to enliven things in his character of Flipper, the jockey, and in several instances he very nearly succeeds. Percy Bronson is a likeable Guy Stanley, but he would be better both in his songs and acting were he less conscious of his audience. Agnes Caine-Brown is a bewitching runaway girl, particularly in her boy's clothes, and her songs are well done. It is a pity that a girl who possesses a good voice should ruin it as Maybelle Baker is doing. She forces it to a painful degree, and it is to be feared that if she continues the process she will presently find herself without a singing organ. What she needs is a course of tone cultivation. Maude Beatty gives an almost perfect interpretation of Carmenita, the singing girl. A special feature of the performance is the graceful dance of Evelyn Foshia, who has recently come from San Francisco to join the company.

"College Widow" at the Belasco

George Ade's "College Widow" has been so widely discussed that a detailed opinion of its merits and demerits would be tiresome. Suffice it that it is a good, clean, American play, alive with the spirit of youth, keen with the interest of college life, and softened with a pretty love tale. There have been many productions of this play in the City of the Angels, but never a uniformly better one than that seen at the Belasco Theater this week. Richard Bennett makes the part of Billy Bolton pleasing in every detail, and Helen Holmes, the new leading woman, is an admirable "widow." But honors fall to Beatrice Noyes, who plays Flora Wiggins in a manner that stamps her as an actress of more than usual ability in this particular line. Miss Noyes' improvement in her work since she came to Los Angeles can be judged by the subtle difference—if Flora Wiggins could be subtle—between her interpretation of this part a year ago and her performance this week. Wayland Trask is the ideal Silent Murphy, and Charles Murray makes a good sketch of Bub Hicks, in spite of the fact that he is entirely too mature for the part. Charles Giblyn is the typical college boy as "Stub Tailmadge," and Adele Farrington plays opposite to him with a vigor and breeziness that makes her athletic girl one of the features of the perform-

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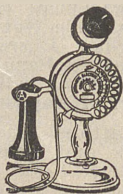
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ance. The play is well staged, with an army of supers that lends verisimilitude to the campus and football scenes.

Orpheum Stage Attractions

Easily first in point of excellence on the list of novelties at the Orpheum this week are the Camille Trio, grotesque comedians in horizontal eccentricities. There isn't a dull moment in their execrably funny act, and the house laughs until its sides ache. Why the performers are not maimed and bruised beyond recognition, only they know. Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman dance and sing in pleasing fashion. Bergman has a mellow tenor, and he dances as cleverly as he sings. His team mate dances better than she sings. Why their skit is dubbed "The Chauffeur and the Maid" is best known to themselves; probably because each comes on wearing linen dusters over their stage clothes. James Thornton sings a song and then reels off a string of nonsense, more or less funny, concerning a visit to a barber shop, a dry goods shop and a drug store. It seems to amuse the audience, however, and he winds up with a medley of songs of his own composing. Edmund Day's one-act racing drama, "The Futurity Winner," is rank melodrama, of decidedly mediocre merit, done by several amateurs. The climax, showing the finish, would be more interesting if the preliminary banalities hadn't wearied the spectators almost beyond endurance. How this stupid act managed to receive the approval of the Orpheum Circuit censor is a mystery. Of the holdovers, the Sisters Gasch continue to perform clean-cut feats of tumbling and balancing, Elizabeth Murray trolls forth her Irish and negro character songs, Adelaide pirouettes and dances with consummate grace and ease, and Louise Meyers, as Marie the Maid, continues to save "When Dreams Come True" from being inane by her sprightly dancing and chic ways. Views of the Seattle exposition in the motion pictures are well worth staying to see.

Offerings For Next Week

Owing to the success of "A Runaway Girl" at the Majestic Theater, the announced presentation of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "The Mikado" will be deferred one week in order to permit the "Girl" to continue her run. The operatic season at the Majestic, however, will positively begin Sunday night, August 1. There will be several changes in the cast, Harry Girard resigning his role of Pietro Pascara to John J. Cook, and playing the role of Guy Stanley, succeeding Percy Bronson, who has resigned from the company. Evelyn Foshia, whose "Scarface Dance" has been a pleasing feature of the production, will continue in her dance, and all of the song numbers will be retained intact.

Franz Lehar's operetta, "The Merry Widow," which provoked a gale of enthusiasm both in Europe and in New York, will come to the Mason Opera House for one week, beginning Monday, July 26, with matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The production is said to be on a lavish scale. The Marsavian embassy in the first act is pronounced unique, and the scene at Maxim's is declared to be a reproduction, so far as stage limitations will allow, of the famous Parisian resort. Of course, the famous "Merry Widow Waltz" is the feature of the production, but according to reports from eastern cities, the music throughout is of an unusual quality—the best of recent years.

Grace Livingston Furniss' sprightly comedy, "The Man on the Box," a dramatization of Harold McGrath's novel of the same name, will be the attraction at the Burbank Theater the week beginning with a matinee and including the usual matinee performance Saturday. William Desmond will play the part of Bob Warburton, "the man on the box," assumed in the east by Henry Dixey. Blanche Hall will play Betty Annesley; Lovell Taylor, Nancy Warburton, and William Yerance will have the role of Col. Annes-

ley, Betty's father. The comedy is popular, and the Burbank players should do it well, the announced cast giving promise of an excellent performance.

"The College Widow" has been so successful at the Belasco that it will be continued another week, beginning Monday night. Despite the fact that it has been produced a number of times in this city, the popularity of this Ade drama does not seem to wane, and the Belasco company is giving an entirely worthy production of it. Following "The College Widow" the Belasco will offer the first performance by a stock company of "The Warrens of Virginia," which ran for a season and a half in New York.

Headlined on the Orpheum bill for the week beginning Monday matinee, July 26, is Laddie Cliff, the boy comedian. Cliff is a miniature Harry Lauder done into cockney English, and his cockney songs and eccentric dancing have gained him a wide reputation. Two groups of girls make up two of the new acts. The Eight Original Madcaps—the original Madcap pony ballet from Wallack's, New York—return in their dancing act. Max Witt's "Singing Colleens" are four girls from the "ould sod," who, dressed in Irish garb, sing songs of the old world and the new. Ollie Young and his brothers



Sonia and Prince Danilo in "Merry Widow"

are well known for their hoop rolling, but this season there have been two new features added to this act—boomerang throwing and diablo playing. Holding over are "The Futurity Winner," the Camille Trio, James Thornton, and Clark & Bergman.

Sales Testify to Worth of "The Rapid"

Big sales are reported by the Woolwine Motor Car Company for the last ninety days, sixteen power wagon trucks and two sightseeing cars having been disposed of to R. L. Craig & Co., Kahn Beck & Co., Los Angeles Brewing Co., Overell Furniture Co., W. H. Poston & Co. of Pomona, James Melzer & Co., Joseph Yoch of Santa Ana, Brunswick Drug Co. and Bartlett Music Co., one wagon each; Pasadena Transfer and Storage Co. and Edison Electric Co., two wagons each; Imperial Valley Transportation Co., three wagons, and "Seeing California" Traffic Bureau, two twenty-passenger sightseeing cars. The Rapid, which has won every test in the reliability runs and power contests in which it has been entered, could scarcely have a better recommendation of its power wagon trucks than this long list of sales.

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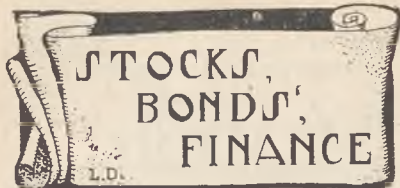
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Midsummer dullness has had a noticeable bearing on the local investment market this week and, too, investors seem not to have recovered from the holiday spirit of last week. On the Los Angeles stock exchange Associated Oil bonds have made no decided change, although there exists an active demand, which is likely to place the quotations at par within sixty days or so. Union Oil, which in a manner sets the pace for oil stocks, has ruled at about the prices of a week ago. Home Telephone stocks are quoted at figures varying only slightly from last week.

First National Bank stock this week has made a gain of ten or twelve points, this advance probably being due to the proposed addition of a savings department through the merging of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company.

Mining stocks have been quiet, and there has been no appreciable gain or depression in the major part of those listed.

Money continues easy, though governed to an extent by the usual seasonable inactivity. Call money is quoted at 6½ per cent and time at about 6 per cent.

Recognition this week came from the San Francisco exchange in the listing with the Los Angeles stock exchange of five new stocks: the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company, the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, the Paauhau Sugar Plantation, Palmer Oil Company and the Traders Oil Company. The last-named stock, the day after its listing locally, showed considerable activity.

On the Los Angeles-Nevada mining and stock exchange this week trading was dull and the market remained practically the same as the week preceding.

Banks and Banking

Plans are under way for the merging of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and the combining of this consolidated institution with the First National Bank as a savings department auxiliary. Stockholders of the latter bank are giving consideration to the project, which will mean a vast enlargement of the scope of the Los Angeles Trust Company, which now is owned by the First National stockholders. It is proposed to change the name of the Los Angeles Trust Company to the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank, conferring on it the privileges covered by the name. The new institution will remain in its present quarters at Second and Spring streets and will enter the field as a savings bank with its present capital increased from \$1,000,000 to \$1,250,000, which represents the combined capital of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, also owned by the First National Bank stockholders. The surplus and undivided profits of both institutions are to be combined in the new institution and for the present the Metropolitan will continue in its quarters at Sixth and Spring streets as a branch of the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank. The First National Bank has a capital of \$1,250,000 and surplus and undivided profits of \$1,680,000. With the merger of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, the combined institution will have a capital of \$1,250,000 and surplus and undivided profits amounting to \$590,000.

Writing of the changing attitude of the western banker and business man toward the east, the Omaha correspondent of the New York Post regards it as one of the outcomes of the increasing prosperity of the agricultural sections of the interior. A bank cashier, who has just returned from a visit to his correspondents in the smaller towns of Nebraska, says that this change was noted in all the places he visited. "When I made a similar trip a year ago," said he, "I found men standing on the streets criticizing the east and declaring that it had

been responsible for the panic. Many of the bankers were positive in their declarations that they would have no more dealings with concerns east of the Mississippi river, except so far as necessary. They blamed all their ills on Wall street, and were loud in their protestations that they had lost faith in the east as the business arbiter of the nation. Now there is a different feeling. The banks are earning as good dividends as at any time in recent years. More than that, I believe the average interior bank is in a better financial condition today than at any time in its history. One of the effects of the experience in the panic and after was to bring about a searching inquiry into the quality of the paper and closer study of the business situation. There was a cleaning up of credits and scrutiny of the offerings. They found, too, that of all their paper none in the end was more satisfactory than that they had taken from eastern houses."

Bankers are anticipating a larger demand for money from the country this season than usual, as the higher prices for grain will necessitate the use of more currency to move a given quantity. The movement has not begun. A few country banks are drawing down their balances; others are increasing them. During July and August last year shipments of currency to the country were \$17,027,000, and in September and October, which are the months of heaviest marketing, they aggregated \$38,031,000. A number of Chicago banks are out of the commercial paper market for the present, as rates are too low, and they do not want to get their funds tied up. They think they will be able to do better later in the season. Rates are 4 per cent for a majority of loans, 4½ per cent is frequently obtained. Exchange on New York dropped to a discount last week, for the first time in months. It was due to a falling off in the movement of funds to the east, and to prospects of a movement from the east to the west, as many bankers in the latter section begin to draw down their eastern balances at this season.

Investigation into the affairs of the Union State Bank and the State Savings and Commercial Bank of San Francisco, by Superintendent of Banks Anderson, has revealed a discrepancy in the accounts, and Mr. Anderson, who reports the bank's affairs in a chaotic condition, will force liquidation and will not permit the institutions to reopen. If the books are found accurate, depositors will get dollar for dollar.

Word has been received from Washington that the comptroller of currency has issued a certificate authorizing the First National Bank of Oxnard to begin business with a capital of \$250,000. J. A. Donlan is president of the new institution, which is a conversion of the Bank of Oxnard, and J. A. Drifill is vice-president, with George E. Hume as cashier.

W. J. Washburn, president of the Equitable Savings Bank, who has been east for several months, is en route home via Yellowstone Park, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco. He is expected to arrive in Los Angeles next Tuesday.

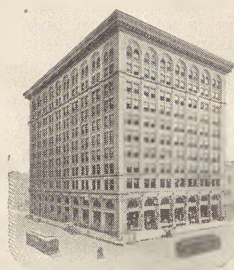
Stock and Bond Briefs

Allotments of stock and bonds of the Producers' Transportation Company of a total par value of \$1,500,000 were made this week by the directors of the Union Oil Company. The stock and bonds were offered to the stockholders of the Union Oil, Union Providence and the United Petroleum companies. The bonds bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, and the proceeds from the sale will be used by the Producers' Transportation Company in constructing a pipe line between the interior California oil fields and Port Hartford.

At a special meeting held Thursday by the members of the Los Angeles stock exchange favorable action was taken on the question of the projected consolidation of the Los Angeles-Nevada mining and stock exchange with the Los Angeles stock exchange. Negotiations leading to a merger of the two concerns have been in progress for several weeks, the initiative having been taken by the Los Angeles-Nevada exchange, when the members voted to disincorporate. Details of the planned merger were given in The Graphic of last week, and with the tentative ap-

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Resources, Over \$23,000,000.00
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Interest is paid monthly on the minimum monthly balances.

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Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$35,000.

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Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
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Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,800,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. E. cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,450,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
MARCO H. HELLMAN, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$575,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
G. W. FISHBURN, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$140,000.

**NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE
IN LOS ANGELES**
N. E. cor. Second and Main

F. M. DOUGLAS, President.
CHARLES EWING, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.
Surplus, \$25,000.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK
S. E. cor. Main and Commercial

ISAIAH W. HELLMAN, President.
F. W. SMITH, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$73,000.00.

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WARREN GILFILLAN, President.
R. W. KENNY, Cashier.
Capital, \$250,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$205,000.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00.
Surplus and Profits, \$233,000.00.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. cor. Third and Main

R. J. WATERS, President.
A. J. WATERS, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$425,000.

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proval of the members of the Los Angeles stock exchange, all the legal formalities of the consolidation will be completed as soon as possible.

Residents of Hollywood and of other six school districts which are included in the Hollywood Union high school district are to be called upon to bear the expense of a polytechnic high school, costing about \$100,000.

Monrovia citizens are petitioning for a special bond election to vote \$50,000 for the purpose of installing a municipal gas plant.

Redlands citizens are considering the calling of a bond election to vote \$17,000 for the purchase of a park site, the land to be used for picnic purposes.

Wheat and Our Trade Balance

Last month, according to the government trade figures published recently, the country's exports of breadstuffs were valued at \$4,213,000. This was the smallest total of any month in fourteen years. For June last year the total had been \$9,700,000, for the same month two years ago the showing was \$13,131,000. Broadly considered, the heavy falling off in our shipments of breadstuffs will be accepted as an indication of the economies practiced by people abroad, and, in a measure, by people here, as a consequence of the abnormally high prices which followed the recent exhaustion of our wheat supplies. But it is as a factor in the country's "trade balance," comments the New York Post, and in the gold export movement, rather than as an index of the country's economies where-in lies its chief significance. It was largely because of the virtual disappearance of our wheat exports in 1904, and the heavy decline in shipments of cotton, that our gold exports reached \$121,211,000, an outflow never before or since equaled. And it is largely owing to a similar decline during the past six months, even more pronounced in the case of wheat than it was in 1904, that we have thus far this year lost \$70,000,000 gold to foreign countries. Together with wheat, other grown products were sent out in very much smaller quantity during June, yet the shrinkage in the outgo of wheat—both in the form of grain and of flour—was far greater than in the case of the other staples. It was chiefly responsible for drawing down the agricultural export total for the month to \$41,375,625, the lowest June figures shown since 1904, and it was that small total which made possible the turning about of the country's trade balance last month to an import excess for the first time since 1897. What is to be the showing of the remaining months of the year is as yet a mystery. For July and August there is little chance of material recovery, and it is more than likely that July at least will show a further decline, as it almost invariably has in the past. Beginning with September, when the crops that are now ripening are sent forward to market, and are bid for by foreign importers, there will come the beginning of the new year's movement. Then it will be better known what supplies Europe will require, and what price it will be willing to pay.

Gallup Electric Light Company Bonds

Local investors are interested in the \$40,000 bond issue of the Gallup Electric Light Company of New Mexico, which the Joseph Ball Company is offering in this market. The bonds are first mortgage, 6 per cent, gold bonds, due July, 1933, and the coupon bonds are of the denominations of \$1,000, \$500 and \$100. They are legal for savings bank and trust funds in California. The company's property is admirably located for the profitable production of power, as is evidenced by the use of coal, which is contracted for at only 60 cents a ton, delivered in its boiler room. Engineers in their reports state that the coal supply in that vicinity is practically inexhaustible. The Gallup Electric Light Company has somewhat of a monopoly on the electric lighting in that district, being the central trading point for a territory extending 150 miles east and west and 200 miles north and south, with the nearest town of any size 140 miles distant. Semi-annual interest on the bonds is payable January and July 1. The company owns a liberal franchise granted by the town of Gallup, and this franchise does not expire until nearly a year after the bonds mature. Also the net earnings in the last six years have averaged more than two and one-half times the fixed charges.

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You now have the chance to become one of our stockholders

(NOW OVER 2,500)

and share in this and all future quarterly cash dividends. All stock of record up to July 31 will participate, share and share alike, in this dividend.

Absolute Protection to All Small Stockholders

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This fund was contributed by the officers and old stockholders of that company, and its management rests solely with the officers of this bank.

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Yale School's Attractive Prospectus

Among local educational institutions the Yale School stands high, and its attractive prospectus, recently issued, gives good evidence of the worth of the school, whose motto is "Noblesse Oblige." The University of Redlands also issues a handsome brochure—its first prospectus. The university, only recently completed, opens its doors for the first time in September, and from the numerous fine illustrations which adorn the publication, it is evident that Southern California has a worthy representative in the new college.

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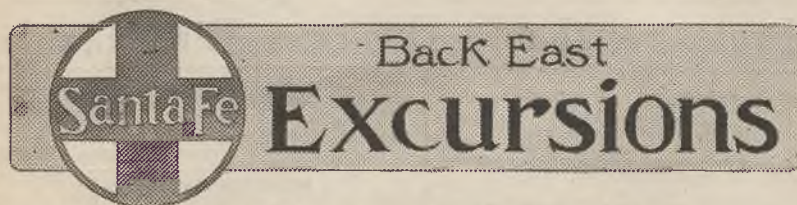
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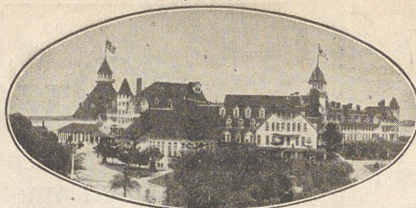
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